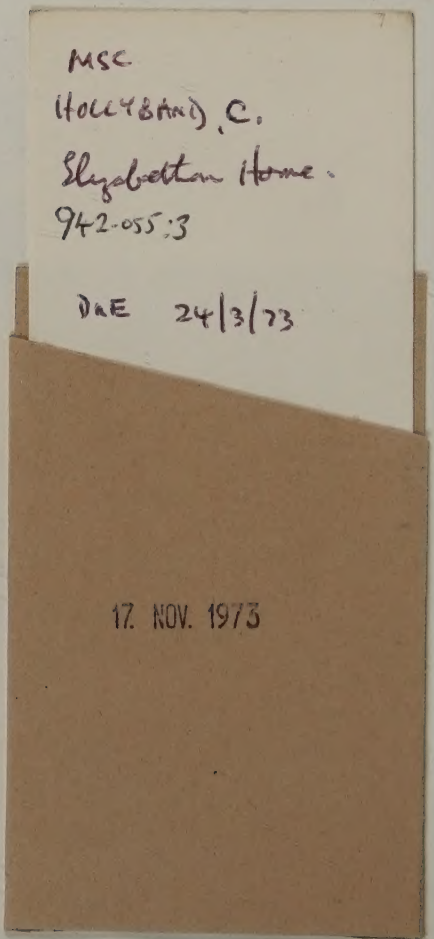
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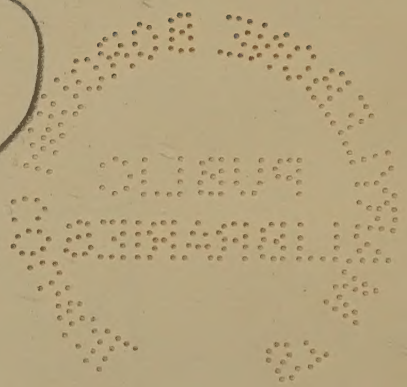

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INTRODUCTION

THE dialogues here reprinted were the work of Claudius Hollyband and Peter Erondell, two Huguenot refugees who taught French for their livelihood in Elizabethan London. It seems almost incredible that any books which give us a vivid and attractive picture of the ordinary daily life of Shakespeare's fellow-citizens could have remained inaccessible and even practically unknown till the present day. Such, however, has been the fate of the extremely rare volumes from which these selections have been made. The life of the theatres and the inns and the underworld of contemporary London was fully and realistically exploited by many writers: the "humours" of the middle-class citizen served the turn of many dramatists from Ben Jonson downwards. None of them, however, have given us what Hollyband and Erondell between them are able to give—an amusing yet veracious picture of the normal. While the dramatists prefer the sensational, and incline to show us the young spark debauching the wife of the honest shop-keeper, Hollyband introduces us to the father of one of his pupils who takes us home to dinner with him. In these little books we escape from the gulls and the gallants: we are allowed to cross the threshold and to penetrate into the privacy of the Elizabethan home.

There are four books from which the following dialogues have been selected. To Hollyband belong *The French Schoolemaister*, *The Frenche Littleton* and *Campo di Fior*: his younger contemporary Erondell is represented only by *The French Garden*. All four are what one generally describes as conversation manuals, and they were born of their makers' practical experience of the difficulties of teaching French and the inadequacy of the then existing textbooks. As such they served their purpose for over seventy years, leaving us free to-day to extract from the dialogue portions a quantity of entertainment which their

authors never intended but which they would have been the last to deplore.

Settling in England somewhere about 1568, Hollyband anglicised his patronymic of De Sainliens, and set up a school in Lewisham. Later he moved to Paul's Churchyard, where he taught his scholars "hard by the signe of the Lucrece." It is to his own schoolroom and his own pupils that he introduces us in his scenes of schoolboy life. His pupils were mainly the children of well-to-do tradesmen, but he seems also to have taught older folk who were anxious to acquire "the tongues." Curiously enough, amongst these private pupils was the ingenious Anthony Munday, who apparently picked up under Hollyband's tuition that facility in French, and possibly Italian, which carried him so successfully across Europe on his tour of espionage in 1579. It would have been entertaining to find in Munday, the informer, the original of the tell-tale Nicholas who figures in the dialogues, or of John Nothingworth the black sheep of the little flock. Unhappily for such plausible identifications Munday cannot have adorned that particular schoolroom, as he was already about twenty years old before Hollyband had left Lewisham to come to London.

Of Hollyband himself as a schoolmaster we know nothing, save what he reveals in the course of his dialogues. Amusingly enough, he displays various traits which have now for many generations been consecrated to the character of the French master, as delineated in the schoolboy story. He constantly threatens beatings and whippings which are apparently never administered, and he listens to the tell-tale of the school in a most reprehensible fashion, although—in the second edition—he promises with some faint show of justice to whip both the tell-tale and his victim the black sheep "for company."

Hollyband was the first man to provide Elizabethan

England with suitable and practical French school books. His labours were approved, so he tells us, by "the nobilitie and meane estate of this flourishing Realme," with the result that his manuals superseded "all other thornie and unapte bookes" and continued in general use till 1650. He used the dialogue form to accustom the learner to "the true phrase of the language," and to teach him "the perfecte annexinge of syllables, wordes and sentences," and also "in what order they ought to be uttred." The English he prints on the left hand page and the French on the right. In the *Frenche Littleton* he purposes to ground a student in his study of French in the same way that *Littleton's Tenures* grounds one in the first study of law: and "according to the counsail of that worthy gentilman, Master Onsley, Warden of the Fleete," he tells us, he caused it to be printed "in this small volume" (i.e. 4 in. by 2 in.) "that it might be easier to be caried by any man about him."

Although the exigencies of conversation-manual and pocket-vocabulary occasionally give a curious turn to the sentences, Hollyband's dialogues are sprightly and entertaining. His English betrays his nationality* even in the latest of his writings, but it is on the whole remarkably idiomatic, and at times he can catch the very tone of schoolboy conversation. If the Frenchman is revealed in the injunction to his scholars, "don't play the fooles by the streetes," it is the authentic English boy who adjures his fellow "lende me halfe a sheete of paper."

Amusing as his schoolboy scenes are, however, it is not on them that Hollyband's main reputation must rest. It is when he takes us into the homes of his pupils and

* One would like to know whether he originally learnt his English from a Scotsman. Surely not otherwise would he have acquired the habit of persistently referring to his porridge as "them."

introduces us to the parents and their domestic life that his work becomes most striking and valuable. It is then that he parts company with his original model—the famous *Dialogues* of the great educationalist, Juan Luis Vives. Under the title of *Linguæ Latinæ Exercitatio*, Vives' book of Latin dialogues had been published in Paris in 1539, and his pupil Freigius, editing it forty-three years later, says that in his time it was read in practically every school. Hollyband's indebtedness to it is at once apparent. In his *Campo di Fior**, indeed, he has taken over bodily the Latin of Vives' first eleven dialogues—that is, those most closely concerned with school life. He has shortened them in various places—not always judiciously—and omitted some parts which he perhaps considered unsuitable for a school book : but the only credit he can claim for extracts I§ 4, 5, and 6 in this volume is that which is due to him as the first English translator of Vives. In his *French Schoolemaister* and *Frenche Littleton*, however, he has worked much more independently, taking hints from his predecessor for his schoolboy scenes, and following more or less the same lines, but treating his material freshly, fashioning the dialogue anew, and drawing upon his own experience. In the latter part of the *French Schoolemaister* he breaks away from Vives altogether, so that the whole of Part II in this selection can be taken as giving us the true measure of his own ability. If anything, the house and street scenes in this section are more vivacious and fuller of life and colour than any of the borrowed or suggested ones. In dramatic power Hollyband certainly excels his original : and as pictures of a morning and afternoon in the life of an ordinary Elizabethan citizen there is no parallel to this dialogue to be

* *Campo di Fior* contains four parallel texts—Vives' Latin, with Italian, French and English translations. From a comparison of the French text with that printed alongside of the Latin in the 1578 French edition of Vives, it would appear that this is almost entirely borrowed.

found in any works of the time with which the present writer is acquainted.

When Hollyband's good citizen entertains his guests to dinner it is no mere formal banquet of which we partake, but a homely affair, lavish of cheer if scant of ceremony. Here are no perfectly trained dummies to wait at table, but honest thick-headed William, who still persists in passing a piece of bread to a guest by hand, although he has been told again and again that he must pass it on a trencher. It would probably be unwise to take the amazing profusion of dishes which the hospitable citizen offers his guests at one sitting as a true report of an Elizabethan dinner. The plethora served the needs of the conversation-manual rather than the appetites of of the diners, hearty though these doubtless were. There is surely, however, an authentic touch in the Frenchman's comment on the badly-cooked cabbage : " they say commonly in England that God sendeth us meat and the Devil cooks ! "

Some further details about Hollyband's career can be found in Miss L. E. Farrer's study of his life and works. Of Erondell less is known. According to one of his own translations, he was a "native of Normandy." He re-edited Hollyband's *French Schoolemaister* in 1606, translated Lescarbot's *Nova Francia* into English in 1609, and also *A Declaration and Christian exhortation to all Christian Princes to succour the Church of God and Realm.* This last work, published in 1586, gives us the earliest date with which it has so far been possible to connect his residence in England. In the case of *Nova Francia* he explains that it was no less a person than Richard Hakluyt who commissioned his labours, and in its dedicatory epistle—addressed to the admired Prince Henry, son of James I—he describes himself very modestly as " a stranger who can never attain the natural *idiom* of this eloquent language."

The *French Garden* itself supplies nearly all the information we possess concerning Erondell's life in England. From a commendatory poem prefixed to it, we learn that he was acquainted with Nicholas Breton, and from the dedicatory epistle that he had at some time instructed Sir Thomas Berkeley in the French language.*

The French Garden is dedicated, in return for "les gratuites faveurs qu'il vous pleust m'eslargir," to the "Tres Honnorable Dame, et parfaict Patron de vertus, Madame Elizabeth Barkley." This lady was the only child of George Carey, Baron Hunsdon, related to the Queen through his grandmother, the sister of Anne Boleyn. The Queen stood godmother both to Elizabeth Carey and to her husband Thomas Berkeley, and in 1596 bestowed the same favour upon their first-born daughter Theophila, the Earl of Essex standing as godfather.

Had Erondell been a modern novelist he would doubtless have prefixed to his work, in all good faith, the usual guarantee that all his characters are fictitious. Those of us, however, who care to make the acquaintance of Lady Elizabeth Berkeley in *The Lives of the Berkeleys* (ed. J. Maclean, 1883) will feel little doubt that the vigorously sketched Lady Ri-Mellaine of *The French Garden* probably owed many of her more striking and masterful traits to that model of a great lady whom Erondell found ready to hand in the person of his patroness. In spite of references to her Lord, who is absent at Court, we gain

* In K. Lambley's *The Teaching of the French Language in England* (1920) the statement is made that "for a time Erondell had been tutor in the Barkley family" (p. 268). If the source used is this dedicatory epistle the form of this statement is not justified. Nor, incidentally, is there the slightest reason to suppose with Miss Lambley that "Erondell was probably also responsible for numerous other translations from French into English." The E. A. who produced the translations cited was more probably Edward Aggas, better known as a publisher. That the translator of the first book she cites was an Englishman is obvious from his dedicatory epistle to George, Earl of Cumberland, in which he speaks of English as "this *our* vulgar tongue."

the impression that Lady Ri-Mellaine was master in her own house ; and we realise from the narrative of John Smyth that such was probably the case in the Berkeley establishment. Smyth was steward not only of the enormous Berkeley estate, but also of the Hundred of Berkeley in Elizabethan and Stuart times, and the record he has left gives us a vivid realisation of the state of affairs. On her marriage in 1595 Elizabeth brought her husband a dowry of £1,000, and as much again in lands at Tonbridge and Hadlow. But, to quote John Smyth, " truth of story tells . . . that . . . Sir Thomas was profuse in expense beyond his ordinary means," with the result that in the first fourteen years of their marriage they spent annually some fifteen hundred pounds in excess of their allowance of £600. It was Lady Elizabeth who eventually seems to have coped with this financial disorder. Her lands were sold to clear off the debts, and it is the very tone of Erondell's managing dame that we hear in the following account :

" I well remember," writes Smyth, " that the said lady . . . having, in a private accompt of her own handwriting, set down how and to whom and for what causes £6,955* . . . was paid away and gone, Shee subscribed under that accompt privately to her self these very words, ' of which I hope in God the like will never be again.' " And if we may rely upon another document printed by Maclean we have reason to suppose that Lady Elizabeth and good John Smyth, between them, successfully curbed the lavish spirit of Sir Thomas. For by an agreement drawn up in 1609 various concessions are made to Sir Thomas, but the main condition—retrenchment—becomes unavoidably clear. Lady Elizabeth, for example, agrees to maintain six couple of hounds for her husband's pleasure, but Sir Thomas in return promises " on the

* Out of some £8,450 raised by the sale.

word of a true gent." not to harbour " any drunkard, swearer, incontinent or any other disorderly person " in the household.

Space forbids more than the bare suggestion of this original from which Erondell may have drawn, and we must now leave his dedicatee for the book itself. Erondell seems to have regarded himself as the continuator of Hollyband's work, and *The French Garden* was designed to supplement his predecessor's books. He points out in his epistle to the reader that it was the first of its kind composed for the benefit of women readers. As one of the sets of commendatory verses prefixed to it announced :—

" Ladies have long'd to match old *Holliband*,
That they with men might parle out their parte :
Their wittes are rare, and they have tongues at hand,
Of Nature full, their onely want is Arte :
Where former age regarded not their neede,
Before all others thou hast done the deede.

" But that's not all : besides discourse with men,
This Garden yeeldes an Arbour for the Childe :
Who with the busie Mother now and then
May prattle of each point in phrases milde
The witty Boies, of Bookes, of sport and play,
The pretie Lasses of their worke all day."

Nor does *The French Garden* belie this promise. In it we see a side of life of which Hollyband showed us nothing. With Erondell we enter a more aristocratic household : we see the great lady at her toilet, listen to her chatter with her waiting woman, sympathise with her indecision when she cannot make up her mind whether to wear her French hood that morning. We are allowed to follow her about the house while she superintends everybody's

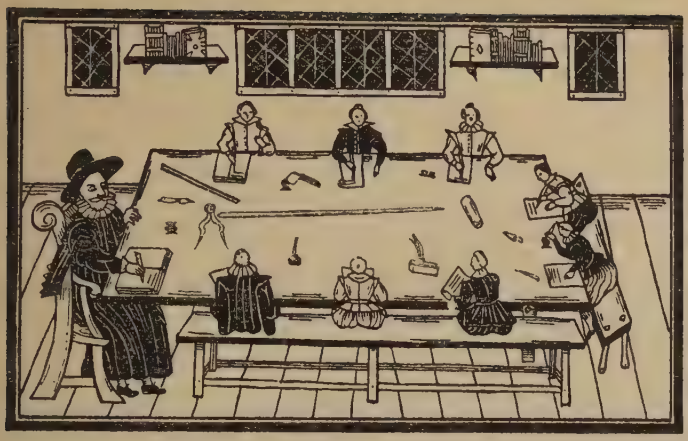
activities, inquiring from their tutor of the boys' progress at their lessons, and criticising her daughters' needlework. From the nursery we can follow her to the Exchange where she goes shopping in the grand manner, and then return with her to dinner when she entertains her friends for our benefit.

While Erondell's dialogue lacks something of the conversational tone and the vigorous give and take of Hollyband's, he is perhaps more than his equal in his pleasing capacity for introducing quaint details which give verisimilitude to the picture. Both writers have the knack of catching the atmosphere of the household they describe. The jolly bustle of the large family party and the coarser jovial manners of the citizen and his guests in Hollyband contrast effectively with the more courteous and decorous behaviour which, according to Erondell, prevailed in the establishment of the Lady Ri-Mellaine. A certain gift for characterisation is also common to them both : we are well acquainted with her ladyship by the time we bid her good-night after family prayers, and minor personages like the waggish godfather in *The French Schoolemaister* and the goldsmith in *The French Garden* are cleverly sketched in.

The literary pretensions of all four books are naturally slight, and selection is essential if they are to be enjoyed as they deserve. To the ordinary reader their naïveté and their colloquial and unaffected style only make them the more attractive. The antiquary can find in them valuable material, yet had this been their only merit many might be tempted to exclaim with Aubrey, " This searching after Antiquities is a wearisome task." Here, however, is something which needs proffer the reader no further inducement than the assurance that if he reads for pleasure he will find in these dialogues what most people look for in a book—" pastime with good company."

The original limited edition of *The Elizabethan Ho*
was exhausted almost as soon as it was published. Sin
then the demand for it has made it obvious that a secor
and unlimited edition was needed. In consequence, t
dialogues here reprinted are exactly the same as tho
included in 1925, but some additions have been made
the Introduction and Notes.

M. St. Clare Byrne.



I SCHOOL AND SCHOOLBOYS

1. Getting up in the Morning

FRANCIS, the schoolboy MARGARET, the maid

THE FATHER

Margaret

Ho Fraunces rise, and get you to schoole : you shalbe beaten, for it is past seven : make your self readie quickly, say your prayers, then you shall have your breakefast.

Francis

Margerite, geeve me my hosen : dispatche I pray you : where is my doublet ? bryng my garters, and my shooes : geeve mee that shooyng horne.

Margaret

Take first a cleane shirte, for yours is fowle.

Francis

Make hast then, for I doo tarie too long.

Margaret

It is moyst yet, tary a litle that I may drie it by the fier.

Francis

I cannot tary so longe : go your way, I will none of it.

Margaret

Your mother will chide mee if you go to schoole without your cleane shirt.

Francis

I had rather thou shouldst be shent, then I should be either chid, or beaten : where have you layde my girdle and my inckhorne ? where is my gyrkin of Spanish leather ? . . . Where be my sockes of linnen . . . Where is my cap . . . my mittayns . . . my slippers, my handkarchif, my poyntes, my sachell, my penknife and my bookes ? Where is all my geare ? I have nothyng ready : I will tell my father : I will cause you to be beaten : Peter, bring me some water to wash my hands and my face. I will have no river water for it is troubled : geve mee Well, or Fountayne water : take the ewre, and powre uppon my handes : powre high.

Margaret

Can you not wash in the baason ? shall you have alwayes a servaunt at your tayle ? you are to wanton.

Francis

Wilt thou that I wash my mouthe and my face, where I have washed my handes, as they doo in many houses in England ? geve mee a towell : mayden, now geve mee my breakefast, for I am readie : make haste.

Margaret

Have you saluted your Father and your Mother ? have you forgotten that ?

Francis

Where is he?

Margaret

He is in the shoppe.

Francis

God geeve you good morow my father, and all your companie: father geeve mee your blessyng if it please you.

Father

Are you up? is it time to rise at eight of the clocke? you shalbe whipt: go, and kneele downe, and say your prayers: God blesse thee . . . Now goe, and have mee recommended unto your maister and maistris, and tell them that I pray them to come to morow to dinner with mee: that will keepe you from beating: learne well, to the end that you may render unto mee your lesson when you are come againe from schoole.

Francis

Well father. (*Bien, mon pere.*)

2. *The New Boy*

THE FATHER HIS GOSSIP

JOHN, the schoolboy

THE SCHOOLMASTER

Gossip

God geve you good morow Sir:

Father

Good morow gossip: good morow my she gossip: God geve you a good morow and a good yeare.

Gossip

And unto you also : whether go you so early ? Whether lead you your sonne ?

Father

I bring him to schoole, to learne to speake Latin and French : for he hath lost his time till now : and you know well that it were better to be unborne than untaught : which is most true.

Gossip

You say true : it is true, certainly : but whether goeth he to schoole ?

Father

In Paules Churcheyard, hard by the signe of the Lucrece: there is a Frenchman which teacheth bothe the tongues : in the morning till eleven, the Latine tongue, and after dinner the French : and which doth his duetie.

Gossip

It is the chiefest point : for there be some which be very negligent and slougish : and when they have taken monie aforehand, they care not very much if their scholers do profit or no.

Father

They be folke of an evill conscience : the same is as a kinde of theft.

Gossip

Who doubteth of it ? what is his name ?

Father

I cannot tell truely : I have forgotten it.

Gossip

John, how is thy maister called ?

John

He is called M. Claudius Hollyband.

Gossip

Is he maried? what countreyman is he?

John

He is a Frenchman: he hath wife and children.

(*They arrive at the school.*)

Father

God save you Sir.

Master

Sir, God geve you a good and long life.

Father

You take great paine with these children.

Master

There is no remedie, one must take paine to gette our living.

Father

It is well done: I have brought heere unto you my sonne, praying you to take some paine with him that he may learne to speake Frenche, reade and write.

Master

I will do all that lyeth in me, aswell to discharge me of my charge, as for mine honestie and praise.

Father

You say well: what take you by moneth, by weeke, by quarter?

Master

A shilling a weeke, a crowne a moneth, a reall a quarter, fourtie shillings a yeare.

Father

It is to much : you are to deare.

Master

If it be to much, bate of it : but I will tell you one thing, that if your sonne learneth well, it is not to much : but if he learneth nothing, though I should teache him for a groate a moneth, it would be to deare both for you, and him.

Father

Call me that boy which is there in the corner : Gabriell have you bene here long ? how long have you bene here ?

Gabriel

About half a yeare Sir :

Father

Can you speake Frenche ? Do you speake good French ?

Gabriel

Yea Sir : a littell Sir : Not very good yet.

Father

What book readeth your maister unto you ?

Gabriel

As his scholars are fit for : unto some, he readeth Terence, Virgill, Horace, Tullies offices : unto others Cato, pueriles, their accidentes, their grammer, according to their capacitie : as for me, I learne onely Frenche, and to read and writ, and sometimes to cipher.

Father

Maister Hollyband, take a littell paine with my sonne :

he is somewhat hard of wit, understanding, memorie : he is shamefast, wanton, wicked, liar, stuburne unto father and mother : correct, chasten, amende all these faultes, and I will recompence you : Hold, I will pay you the quarter beforehand.

Master

I thanke you : hath he a sachell, bookes, inck, quilles and paper ?

Father

No, but I go and buy unto him an inckhorne, a penknife and all that he hath neede of.

(*The Father departs, and John is left with the schoolmaster.*)

Master

Come hither my sonne, come a littell neere unto me : of what age are you ?

John

I cannot tell maister : my father hath put in wryting the day of my nativitie in our Bible which is at home.

Master

Is it in English, or in Latin ? can you reade in it ?

John

Not very well.

Master

Go to, sit there : learne well to the ende that you may bee a good man, and that you may do better service unto your Prince, your countrie, unto the common welth, helpe your parents, your selfe, and all youres.

3. *In School*

THE SCHOOLMASTER THE TELL-TALE (*Nicholas*)
THE BLACK SHEEP (*John Nothingworth*)

Nicholas

Maister, John Nothing-worth hath sworne by God, plaid by the way, solde his poyntes, chaunged his booke, stollen a knife, lied twise, lost his cappe.

Master

Is it true? come hether companion, untrusse you: untie you: put your hosen downe, dispatche.

John Nothingworth

Nicholas doth mocke me, plucketh me by the heare, by the eares: hath stroken me with his fist upon the head: hath stroken me: hath made me bleede.

Master

You shall be beaten both for companie, for ye have deserved it well?

(*Enter Francis the late-riser.*)

Master

From whence come you good scholar? is it time to rise, and to come to schole at nine? where have you beene?

Francis

Maister, I come from home: my father hath him recommended unto you, and sendeth unto you his ringe for a token, to the ende that you beate me not.

Master

That will serve you nothing, for you love not to rise in the morning, and come to the schole by times, as the rest.

Francis

Maister, I met him by the way which did leape, did slide uppon the ice : which did cast snow : which fowght with his fist, and balles of snow : which did scorge his top : which played for pointes, pinnes, cherie stones, counters, dice, cardes.

Master

Enter in galland, I will teach you a game which you know not.

Francis

Maister, pardon me for this time, and I will do so no more, it shalbe the first, and the last : Henry Page shalbe my suertie.

Master

Well, I will pardon you for this time, but if you do so any more, you shall not be quit for the price : I will pay you for both together.

(*Evidently some of the boys have been taking advantage of the distraction for the tell-tale Nicholas is again at his tricks.*)

Nicholas

William hath spitted on my paper : torne my booke : put out my theme : broken my girdle : trod my hat under his feete : marred my copie : spoken Englishe.

Master

Ah littell fellow, you prattell, brabell, cakell, play the vice. Geve me my roddes : stretch your hand. . . .

(*They settle down to work.*)

Master

Have your learned your lesson by hearte? can you say your lessons?

John Nothingworth

Not yet maister.

Master

If you misse in it anone when I shall aske it to you, you shalbe whipped: you shall have foure blowes with the roddes. What is a clock?

Nicholas

It is eleven.

Master

Is it so late?

John Nothingworth

Yea master: it is time that I go, for I should be chiden if I should tary any longer.

Master

Of whome should you be shent, if you should tary untill twelve? who will chide you?

John Nothingworth

Who? mine uncle, mine aunt, my grandmother.

Master

Kneele all downe: say the prayers, and go to dinner: take heede you play not by the waies: take off your cap when you passe before your betters: come again by time after twelve, dinner, nowne.

(*Afternoon school begins.*)

Master

Is it late?

Nicholas

It is twelve stroken.

Master

Go to, go to write.

Nicholas

I have no copie : cut my penne if it please you.

Master

Where be all your fellowes ?

Nicholas

They be not yet come.

Master

Swepe the schole . . . whiles they come : where is . . . the burchen broome ? Take some water to water it, for it is very dustie.

(*Lessons begin.*)

Master

Children, turne your lessons out of French into English : and then out of English into Frenche : let us decline a noune and a verbe in French : how say you in French N : how do you call that in French ? Say well : you say nothing worth : who did prompt unto him ?

Nicholas

It is not I : it is Thomas.

Master

You lie : it is you : you shall pay for him, be sure thereof. I see nothing. Go fetch some light : lighten the candell : blow out that candell, for the tallow stinketh : snoof the other. You have not rehearsed your lessons, I perceave it well enough : you shall be all whipped tomorrow morning, if you miss in it a word onely, a syllable ; a letter : if you misse in it never so littell : except you can say it upon your fingers end.

Francis

Well maister, there shall be no fault: shall we say the evening prayers, for it is stroken five.

Master

Say: go to supper, and without playing the fooles by the streetes: lighten your lanternes, your torches.

Omnes

God geve you good evening and good night: good rest maister.

Master

Rehearse after supper the lesson which you will learne to morrow morning: and read it six or seven times: then having said your prayers, sleepe upon it: you shall see that to morrow morning you will learne it easely and soone, having repeated the same but twise.

4. School Meals

NEPOTULUS PISON

THE MAISTER

THE USHER

Nepotulus

Tell me at a worde, what have you to eate? . . .

Pison

We eate what is set before us.

Nepotulus

But what is sette before you?

Pison

We have a little breakefast in the morning an houre and a halfe after we are up.

Nepotulus

When rise you?

Pison

Almost with the sunne. . . . Our breakefast in the morning is, a little peece of bread made of meale not bulted, but with all the bran in it, and a little butter, or some fruite, according to the season of the yeare. To dinner, we have herbes, or every one a messe of porridge. Sometimes turneppes, coleworts, wheate & barly in porridge, a kind of delicat meate made of fine wheat flower, & eggs. Upon fishe-dayes, fleeted milke, in deepe porrengers, (whereout the butter is taken), with some bread put in it. Some fresh fishe, if in Fish Streate it can be had at a reasonable prise. If not, salt fishe well wattered. After, pease, or fitches, or beanes, or lupins.

Nepotulus

How much hath every one of these thinges?

Pison

As much bread as we will. Of other vitailes, as much as is sufficient for nurrishment, and not for the filling of the belley. Seeke for store of victualles elsewhere, and not in the schoole. . . .

Nepotulus

What drinke ye?

Pison

Some drinke small biere, and few, but seldome, drinke winne well alayed with water. Our drinking at after none is, a litle bread, and almondes, drie figges, or reasens. Or if it be Sommer time, peares, or apples, cheries, or prunes. After, when we go to the farme for pleasure, then we eate either new milke, or curded, fresh cheese, creame, lupines alayed, . . . and such other thinges as the farme yeeldeth.

The first dishe of the supper is a salat cut small with salt upon it, and moistened with oile of olives put foorth of a vessell with a long necke, and with vinaiger, (a thing of evill taste and unhealthsome). And mutton sodde in a large platter, with dry prunes, or small rootes, or chopped herbes. Sometime a very good gallimafrie, now and then a minced meat of merveillous savor. In certaine dayes of the weeke a little roste-meate, specially veale, and sometime kidde. Upon fasting dayes, we have egges, rosted, fried, or poched—every one hath his owne as he will—or made after the fashion of a panne-cake in a frying panne with vinaiger or vergis. Therto is added sometimes a little fishe, and after the cheese, come nuttes.

Nepotulus

How many for every one?

Pison

Two egges, and two nuttes for every one.

Nepotulus

Tell me, do you never eate after supper?

Pison

Thinkest thou that we are hogges, or men? Know that this is a schoole, and not a place to feede cattell.

Nepotulus

May I come and suppe with you?

Pison

Easely, if thou aske licence of our maister, the which I know he will willingly graunt. Otherwise it should be an unmanerly part, to bring thee to dinner with us without telling our maister of it.

(*Enter the Master.*)

Pison

Maister, pleaseth it you that we may bring with us to supper, a certaine boye of our acquaintance?

Master

Yea, I am pleased.

Pison

I thanke you. . . .

Master

Hoe children rise, laye awaye your bookes. Laye the table, set the stooles, napkins, dishes, trenchers, bread. Do it in the twinkcling of an eye. Go thou, and draw ale: go thou, and draw water out of the cisterne. Set the glasses on the table. What meaneth this? Doest thou bring them so fowle? Cary them againe, into the kitchen, that the maide may rubbe and make them cleane.

(*An aside, in which the offending glasses are removed, and Pison comments that things never will be right "as long as we have this monkey to our cooke."*)

Master

Is every thing ready? . . . Children, goe all, and washe your handes. . . . Is this the boy that you have brought to suppe with us?

Pison

It is he, Sir.

Master

Of what nation is he?

Pison

Of Flaunders.

Master

Let him set above thee. Every man draw his knife, and every one chip his bread, if there be either ashes

or coles in the cruste. He whose charge it is this week let him saye graces. Sit as farre a sunder as ye can, lest ye thrust one another.

Pison

It is a wonder that a Flamming is without a knife, where the best knives are made.

Nepotulus

I will breake it with my teeth, or I will breake it with my fingers bit by bit.

Master

Where wentest thou first to schoole? Who taught thee first?

Nepotulus

At Bruges. John Theodore was my maister.

Master

Thou hast had a good beginning. How long is it since thou cammest thence?

Nepotulus

Six dayes. . . .

Usher

Why lookest thou about thee? None of you putteth of his cappe at supper, lest some heare might fall in the dishes. Why doe you not well come your ghest?

Master

Nepotulus, I drinke to you.

Nepotulus

I pleadge you with all my hearte. . . .

Master

These porrage waxe colde already. Bring hether a chafen-dishe of coles: warme them a litle before you put in the breade.

Usher

The bones are alwayes brought hether without marrow in them.

Pison

The bones have but little marrow in them at the new moone. . . .

Master

Gingolfus, wipe not thy mouth with thy hand, nor sleeve, but with a napkin, for, for that cause it is layed before thee. Touche not any parte of the meate, saving that which thou wilt cut of, for thy selfe. Perceavest not how thou filest thy sleeve with fatte? If they be open, cast them on thy shoulders. If they be not open, turne them up to thy elbowe. If they fall downe, pinne them up with a pinne. You fine gentelman, do you leane on the table? Where have you learned this goodly fashion? in some hogstie. Hoe, bring him a quishion to laye under his elbowe. See that these leavings be not lost. Lay them in the butrie. Take first awaye the salt, then the breade, and the rest in order. Every man make cleane his knife, and put it in his sheath. Pick not thy teeth with a penne-knife: for it is hurtefull: picke not thy teeth with a forkette, for it hurteth. Make thee a tooth-picke of a litle quill, or of a litle peece of wood with a sharpe pointe. Pick them discrettely, lest thou cutest thy gummes, so that the blood follow. Rise from the table, and washe your handes. Take awaye the table: call the maide, that she may sweepe this paviment. Goe to playe, to talke, and to walke, where you will, till evening.

5. The Reading Lesson

MASTER LUSIUS

ESCHINES

Master

Take the table of the crosse-row in thy left hand, and this festraw, wherewith thou shalt touche the letters one by one. Stand upright. Hold thy cap under thy arme : harken attentively, how I shall name these letters. Marke diligently how I move my mouth. See that you may rehearse them so, when I will have you say your lesson. Say with me—Thou has heard me now. . . . Goe sit with thy schoole-fellowes, and learne that which I have taught thee.

Lusius

We have not played to daye.

Eschines

Syrrah, thinkest that thou art come hether to playe? In this place they playe not, but studie. Let us learne that softely without noise, which our maister hath given us foorth, lest we trouble the rest.

Lusius

My uncle, that sometime studied at Bolonia, taught me that I should remember better what so ever I would, by pronouncing the wordes alowde.

Eschines

If any will learne his lesson so, let him go into some garden, or church-yarde, and there let him speake so lowde that he awake the deade.

Master

Children, is this the way to learne? To chat, to brable, goe to.

6. The Writing Lesson

THE MASTER MAURICE MENDOZA

Maurice

He said that there was no shorter waye to learne much, then to write faire and swifte.

Mendoza

But our noble men for the most parte, doe not obeye this commandement: which thinketh it a good and an honorable thing not to write well—thou wouldest saye it were the scratching of hennes. . . . But where keepeth he schoole?

Maurice

He said he had hired a house in Colme-Street.

Mendoza

He is then your neighbour. What is his name?

Maurice

His name is Maister N. Seger. Let us go to him. . . .

(*They arrive at the writing-master's door.*)

Mendoza

Hoe boye, where is your maister?

Boy

In that chamber.

Maurice

What doeth he?

Boy

He teacheth certaine children.

Maurice

Tell him that there are at his gate some that would become his scholars.

Master

What children be these? . . . Make them come in.

Mendoza

God save, and prospere you Sir.

Master

And I likewise, desire that your comming hether may be fortunate. What seeke ye?

Maurice

That you would teache us this art wherof you make profession, if you have leasure.

Master

Have you brought your weapons? Have you brought your penner and incke-horne, and pennes? We write with goose quilles. Cut of the fethers with a penknife, scrape away that which is rough.

Maurice

My maister taught me to make my penne softe with spitell, and rubbing it against the inside of my cote.

Master

A pretie secret.

Mendoza

Teache us to make pennes.

Master

Give me a penne and ink-horne. Hoe boye, reache me that inke-bottell, so thou shalt take inke the better with thy penne. For alwayes when thou dippest the penne in cotton, there will alwayes remaine some heare

in the cliffe of the penne, and while one standeth to take it awaye, the writing is hindered : or if thou takest it not awaye, thou shouldest make blottes sooner then letters. But tell me, have ye any paper ?

Mendoza

This.

Master

It is to roughe, and hindereth the penne : prepare not Royall paper to write every daye : get paper meete to write epistles, which is brought out of Italie is very good . . . you shall have above your bargaine a sheete or two of binding paper, of wast paper, which we call, the drinking paper, which beareth no inke.

Maurice

Give us a copie now if it please you.

Master

First I will give you the crosse-rowe, then syllables : then joyning hande. *Learne the thinges my childe wherby thou mayest become both wiser, and better.* Write this copie, and come hether againe after dinner, or to morow, that I may show you the faultes in that you have writen.

Maurice

We will not faile. In the meane while, God be with you. . . .

(*The boys depart.*)

Mendoza

Let us withdraw our selves into some solitarie place, that our fellowes may not find us. . . . Let us sit upon these stones.

Maurice

Yes, but with our backe toward the sunne.

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Mendoza

Lend me halfe a sheete of paper, and to morow I will paye it thee againe.

Maurice

Is this little peece sufficient for thee?

Mendoza

Ahlas, it will not holde six lines, specially of mine.

Maurice

Writte on both sides, and make your lignes straighter. What needest thou to leave so great spaces?

Mendoza

The letters touche at both endes, specially those that have highe heades and long feete. But what doest thou? Hast thou writte two lines already? And well too, saving that they be nought.

Maurice

Write by thy selfe, and holde thy peace.

Mendoza

Truely one cannot write with this penne and inke.

Maurice

Why not?

Mendoza

Seest thou not how the penne spreadeth the inke about the paper?

Maurice

My inke is so thicke, that thou wouldest say it were claye. Marke I pray thee how it sticketh on the nibbe of the penne, and will not fall out to writte. I will put water into mine inkehorne, that the inke may be the

thinner. This is the best writing paper. The inke spreadeth not on this paper.

Mendoza

The brimmes of this paper are not even.

Maurice

Cut awaye some of the margen with a paire of scissers, for this maketh it the handsomer. . . .

Mendoza

Let us goe now againe to our maister.

Maurice

Thinkest it is time?

Mendoza

I feare least the houre be past. Let us knocke with the ringe of the doore, though it be open, for it shall stand more with good manners.

Master

Who knocketh? Come in, who so ever it be, in Gods name.

Mendoza

Maister, we have writen five or six copies under your example. We bring you our writing, that you may correcte it.

Master

Ye doe well: let me see them. From thence foreward, leave more space betwene both lines, that there maye be place to mende your faultes. These letters are to uneven, the which disfigureth all that is writen. For that thou hast gon about to chaunge these letters into others, rasing away some parte with the pointe of the knife, thou hast made the writing the fowler. It had

bene the lesse faulte, to have cancelled it with a little stroke of the penne. As much as you can, write with your head upright : for if one stand with his head downeward, humours fall downe to his forehead, and into his eyes : whereof many infirmities doe arise, and weaknesse of the sight. Let me give you another copie, which, God willing, you shall write to morow.

II THE CITIZEN AT HOME

(When Francis says goodbye to his Father in the shop and leaves for school (see p. 3) a friend enters.)

THE FATHER | HIS GOSSIP

Father

God geeve you good morow gossip.

Gossip

And you also: how doo you this morning? How doth my gossip?

Father

Wel, God be praysed: at your commandment. How is it with you since yesternight supper?

Gossip

Well thankes be to God, savying that I could not sleape all the night.

Father

Why? who hath letted you?

Gossip

What, have you not heard the minstrels and players of instruments, which did play so sweetly before the Cities stoarehouse, from midnight even unto the breakyng of the day?

Father

Truly I have not heard them.

Gossip

Verely you sleap very deepe.

Father

As he whiche sleapeth without care, & which had drunk very wel yesternight. But to the purpose, which were those singers and players of instruments?

Gossip

I cannot tell truely: except perchaunce they were the minstrels of the towne, with those of the Queenes, mingled with voyces of Italions and Englishmen, which did singe very harmoniously.

Father

Would God I had heard them, and it had cost mee a quarte of wyne.

Gossip

I would you had for your sake: for it would seeme unto you to be ravished in an yearthly paradise: you had heard first and formost the Violes, Cornets, Harpes, Hobois, Trumpets, with foure Flutes the which did triumphe.

Father

Is it true? in whose name did they play? who had hyred them?

Gossip

The best of the citie, to plante the maipole at the market place.

Father

But should it not be for some weddinge? for the daughter of one of the sheriffes of the citie is maried to daie.

Gossip

That may be: but so it is that the may Pole is planted verie sumptuouslie. Let us go and see it if you will.

Father

I am content of it: let us go when you wil.

(*They set out in company.*)

Gossip

What musick doo I heare there at the lanes ende? is it not some weddinge?

Father

It is the bride of whom I have tolde you. Truelie it is a faire wenche, though her hed bee ill dressed: doo you see the faire carkant whiche she hath hanging on her neck?

Gossip

But do you see the faire chain of gold whiche she hathe girded aboute?

Father

I think that it is worthe aboute five hundred Frenche crownes.

Gossip

Where is the briedgrome? ah I see him there at the middest of the great streete.

Father

Truly he is a fayre gentilman : it doth appeare by his behaviour that he is of a good house, and of great vertue.

Gossip

Whether go they? to Churche, or to some great Lordes house?

Father

They go to the Church of Saint Paule.

Gossip

What is a clocke?

Father

It is almost nine.

Gossip

What, is it so late?

Father

Yea truly.

Gossip

It is time to go to the Churche.

Father

Let us go see that Mariage, and then wee will go to heare the sermon at Paules crosse.

Gossip

There shalbe no let for mee : for I have heard say that a yonge batcheler of divinitie, which is very well learned, shall preache to day at the crosse.

Father

I beleeve it well : for there preacheth no body but is of choyce, and of great learning : and for cause.

Gossip

I doo thinke that they be the best sermons that men may heare in all the rest of the Realme of England.

Father

And of those which be made before the Queenes majestie in the time of Lent, what say you of it?

Gossip

You say true: those be of weight: but one must not mervell at, for the Preachers be warned of longe time before: so by that meane they be sermons premeditated.

Father

Is it not better to take a deliberation before hand, then to come to the Pulpit rashly?

Gossip

I confesse it: for men doo see all Sundayes and holy dayes a great & noble company in Pauls churchyeard. Beholde the church is all full of folkes: how shall wee enter in?

Father

Enter you first, and I wil follow you: thrust hard, & cause the way to be made.

Gossip

Harken, I doo heare a sweet musick: I never heard the like.

Father

See whether wee may get to the quier, and wee shall heare the fearest voyces of all the cathedrall churches in England.

Gossip

I beleeve you: who should have them, if the Londonners had them not?

Father

I thinke that the Queenes singyng men are there, for I doo heare her baase.

Gossip

That may be : for, to tell the trueth, I never heard better singyng.

Father

Harken, there is a good versicle.

Gossip

I promise you that I would heare them more willingly singe, then eate or drinke.

Father

I am not of your minde : for mee thinketh that I would heare them more lively, if I had well dined : but wee do tarie heare to longe : let us go and take our roume that wee may heare the Sermon : shall wee go ?

Gossip

I am content : how shall wee get out ?

Father

Wel enoughe : follow mee : here is great prease : I never saw such a multitude.

Gossip

Where shall wee sit ? All is full : all the formes be occupied.

Father

Wee will finde place enough, care you not for that : let mee alone.

Gossip

Sit hard by, and right over against the preacher, that wee may heare him better.

Father

I will doo it if I may : William, I pray you sit a side a litle, and make us some roume here by you.

William

With a very good will Syr.

Gossip

What Lorde is that, whiche is above in the Galerie?

Father

Doo you not know him?

Gossip

No truly.

Father

It is my Lord of Bedford: and that Lady which sitteth by him, is my Lady thadmirall: the Dutchesse of N: the Countise of N: the Marquise of N: My Lady Tresorer.

Gossip

Doo you know those gentlewemen, which be behinde?

Father

Yea, as mee thinketh: is it not maystris N and maistris of N: with their two nices and coosins? Yea.

Gossip

Beholde the Preacher commeth: shall we helpe to singe this Psalme?

Father

I cannot singe, except I doo learne:

(*After the sermon.*)

Now the sermon is almost ended: let us rise to get out first: let us not tarie for the prese.

Gossip

As it pleaseth you: I will doo all that you will.

Father

By your leave : let me go by I pray you.

(*They elbow their way through the crowd.*)

Stranger

With all my harte.

Gossip

Well gossip, whither go you to dinner.

Father

At home. And you where dine you ?

Gossip

At maister chauncelours of London : he hath bidden mee above a fortnight a go.

Father

Truely wee shall dine together.

Gossip

I thanke you hartely gossip : you shall scuse mee for this time if it pleaseth you, for hee and I have to confer together touchyng some businesse.

Father

I pray you doo not denie it mee at this time : doo an other time as you shall thinke good : as it wil please you.

Gossip

I feare that he will take it in an evell parte, if I doo deceave him at this howre.

Father

No, no : I will make your scuse to him : he knoweth mee very well : he and I have been schoole-fellowes at the Colledge of Winchester.

Gossip

Is not that your lackey which crosseth the streete? except I be deceaved, it is he.

Father

Yea, verely . . . lackey, come hither.

Lackey

What is your pleasure Syr? . . .

Father

Is thy maistresse at home?

Lackey

Yea, Sir, she is now come from the Churche.

Father

Is the service doone in our parish?

Lackey

It is already a good halfe hower: and it is neere twelve at our clocke.

Father

Runne before, and say that wee come: see that the dinner be reddie when wee bee come, and without a faute: draw som wine in the mean time, go quicklie.

Gossip

You have there a prettie boy, and quicke of wit.

Father

I promise you that I will draw out more service of that boye, then of three servants which will doo nothynge els then to make great cheere, and play at dice and cardes.

Gossip

There be some, to tell the trothe, which be very slougish : and as men say commonly, he is happie which hath a good servant, and a good wife.

(*They arrive at the Citizen's home.*)

What noyse do I here there within ?

Father

Knock at the doore : knocke hard, or els they wil not heare it : pul the bell for the best. . . .

(*Someone calls from within.*)

Who is there ?

Father

Open the doore : I thinke that you are deafe : where is my wife ?

Servant

She is within, syr.

Father

Wife, shall wee go to dinner ? wife, shal wee dyne ?

Wife

When it will please you my lover : al is ready : the meat mareth : where have you taried so longe ? you come not now from the Churche, that I know well, for it is twelve stroken.

Father

Go to : let us go to dinner : let us go sit.

Wife

Go cause the folke to sit which are in the Haule : and I go to the kitchen to cause to serve the boorde.

Father

Make speede then I pray you, for truly I am hungrie :

(*He greets the waiting guests.*)

masters, you be all welcome : I am sorie that I make you tarie so long.

Guests

No force, Sir ? wee doo warme us in the meane while : come neere the fier : come warme you.

Father

Truly I am more hungry then a colde : go too, let us wash handes. . . .

A Guest

As for me I have washed.

Another

And I have handled nothing since that I have washed.

Father

Sit then, Syr.

Guest

Pardon mee of that : it shalbe after you : sit you first, I will sit afterwarde.

Father

You shall sit there : have I not power to commaunde in my house ?

Guest

Yes forsoeth, Syr.

Father

When I bee at yours, doo with mee as it shall please you. . . . Page, call the children for to blesse the boorde : rynge the bell. . . . Bryng us some meate.

(*The children enter.*)

James

What is your pleasure mother?

Wife

Where are you? why went you not to meete your father, and your unckle? I will tell your maister: I will cause you to be beaten: go quickly say grace, and take your sister by the hande: take of your cappe, and make curtsie.

James

Wel mother, I go thither: you are welcome father, and all your companie.

Father

Where have you been, wanton? one must alwayes call and seeke you when one should say grace: pray unto God. . . .

(*After grace the meal begins.*)

Wife

Jone, is the children's table covered?

Jone

Not yet maistresse.

Wife

Bryng their round table: and make them dine there at the bordes ende: reade a chapter or two of the New Testament, whilst they make ready your table. . . .

James

Father where shall I reade?

Father

Wher you left yesterday, at the seconde of S. John. . . .

(*After the reading.*)

There is a fayre chapter truly: god geve us grace to

doo the contence therof: hold there, it is enough: marke it with a litle incke: you make great haste: you cannot reade moderatly: your nose is in the kitchin I see it well enough: it seemeth to your belly that you have lost your teeth: now go to dinner.

Guest

I cannot tel what faute you finde in it gossip, but he readeth very distinctly for his age.

Father

What, is not the childrens table covered yet? what doest thou there great lubber? why goest thou not and serve the children?

Servant

They bee two or three about it Syr.

Father

Who?

Servant

Their lackey and their chamberlayne:

(*As he goes out, to the lackey.*)

Maister lackey truly you shalbe whipped to day: you do licke here the dishes in the kitchen, lookying if the roast be roasted, and taste if the sauce is saulted: and serve not your little maister: who hath drawen the lard out of these rabbets?

Lackey

It is not I.

Servant

You lie: go your wayes, you are lickerish: O Lorde, he hath supped up all the brothe of this mince pie, I would not be in thy skinne for twentie crownes of golde.

Lackey

I know not where the table clothe lieth neither the childrens napkins.

Servant

No, but thou knowest well where the fat of the pot is, and the sauciges in the droppyng panne : thou shalt be beaten thine belly full after dinner, be of good cheere. . . .

Lackey

You threaten much, who shall whip mee ?

Servant

Who ? the mayster steward. Wilt thou go lay the table clothe vile gallowes ? what dost thou marre here ?

Lackey

What can I tell where it lieth, go your selfe.

Servant

It is upon the cubbord, or within the drawer : holde, carie these trenchers and the saltseller.

Lackey

I dare not go before my maister, for feare that he will chide mee.

Servant

No force : thou hast not only deserved to bee shent, but also to be well beaten.

(*Here the Master summons the butler.*)

Father

Go set mee a broche the best peece of wyne which is in the sellar : Sirs, I pray you make good cheere : yee bee welcome : cosin, I drinke to you with such a good hart as ever I did when I have been very drie.

Cousin

Truly I pledge you with such a good will as ever I came from the schoole : doo you not beleeve mee ?

Father

Yea, verely : I beleeve you without any other swearyng : but doo mee reason : drinke all out.

Cousin

What coosen, doo you not remember Kyng Assuerus his banket, where every one dranke as he listed, and no body was constrayned ?

Father

Oh, I crie mercie : pardon mee if it pleaseth you : you have stopped my mouth : now for al amends will you have a bit of this pouder beef.

Cousin

As it shall please you : truly it is very good : it is as tender and shorte as Veneson : geeve mee some mustarde. . . .

Father

William, geeve here som bread : take a ladder, and see what wanteth uppon the boorde : you will never learne to serve : why doo you not lead it with a trencher plate, and not with the hande ? I have told it to you above an hundred times : you learne nothynge : it is a great shame : holde, geeve this platter of porage unto the children, and geeve them some spoones : Peter, take up my knife which is fallen under the table.

Guest (to John)

You doo nothyng, but play the wanton litle fellow : I will tell your father : why do you not eate your porage whylste they be hot ? you are not hungrie.

John

They are yet to hot: I have burned my tongue, and my lippes.

Guest

If they be too hot, blow them.

Father

Are those your good manners to blow your porage at the boorde? where have you learned that? at your vilage? . . .

Wife

Husband, I pray you pull in peeces that Capon, and help your neighbour: truly he eateth nothyng.

Father

Tarie a little wife, I have not yet tasted of these Cabeges.

Wife

You cannot eate of them, for they be to much peppered and salted.

Father

Ah, what pitie is that? It is the meate that I love best, and it is marred: they say commonly in England that God sendeth us meate, and the Devill cookes.

Wife

My lover, tast a litle of these turneps, and you will finde them of a good taste. . . . If you will eate of a good meate, cut of that legge of mutton stuft with garlicke.

Father

Geeve mee rather of that Capon boyled with leekes: for I should smell of garlicke three dayes after. . . .

(*The boiled meat is taken away and the roast brought in.*)

Pull hither that shoulder of Veale : it is very wel larded, it provoketh mee to eate truly : make roume to set the dishes : set that a side a litle : cut that Turkie cocke in peeces : but let it be colde, for it is better colde then hot : Sir shall I bee your carver? . . . will you have this Hennes wynge?

Guest

As for mee I love the white of the hen : and you love the roump.

Father

You are a scoffer, as I perceave. Peter, fill mee some wine.

Peter

What wine will it please you to drinke?

Father

It is all one to mee : geeve mee claret wine : put water in it, for it is to stronge to drinke without water : powre still : holde up, it is enough.

Guest

I will not drinke with you, for you put to much water in your wine.

Father

I shall not be so soone dronken.

Guest

What? will you be dronken?

Father

No, but it is the wine which maketh mee dronke.

Guest

The faute is not in the wine, but in him which doth drinke it.

Father

I am glad to see you merie. What? an ounce of mirth is better, then a pounde of sorrow, yea, and make good weight.

Guest

How would you weigh them?

Father

I wil tell it you, when I have dronken: geeve mee some wine, if there be any.

Peter

There is no more.

Father

Is there no more? go fetch some: is the seller so farre?

Guest

Sir, I dranke yesterday of the best French wine that is in all the Taverns of London.

Father

Where is that?

Guest

At the signe of the Rose, at Temple Barre.

Father

Let us have a quarte of it.

Guest

I had rather that you should say a pinte : what will a quarte serve among so many ? one must speake of a gallon or two. Come hither John, you will do this message wel : tel the good man of the Rose, that he will sende mee of such wine which wee drank the other daie at his lodging : & tel him that if hee doo not sende mee of the like which I did taste in his sellar, wee wil send it backe agayne : run quickly, are you there yet ?

John

I will not tarie : but by what token ?

Guest

You neede no token : doo onely that I bid you : he will not fayle, for he knoweth mee very well. . . .

(*After a short parley with the master of the Rose the lackey returns.*)

Guest

What saieth hee ?

John

Hee hath him commended to you, and sendeth you the choyce, and the flower of all his wines.

Guest

Rince the glasse, that I may taste of it : how like you this wine ?

Father

I like it very well :

Guest

I like him the better for that he sente us suche good wine : hee hath doon unto mee the turne of a good freend.

Father

Geeve mee a cleane trencher : these chickens are to much roasted : open that Pastie of Veneson : this Doe was very fat, was it not ?

A Guest

Yea, verely : it is the fattest that I have yet seen this yeere.

Another

Bring us some suggred Mustard for our Veneson : Syr, doo not mislike mee if I bee bolde in your house.

Father

You cannot bee to bolde here, I pray you commaunde as if you were in your house, and you shall doo mee pleasure. . . . For what do you laugh ?

Guest

He dooth laugh at your page which hath supped up a cup of wine, & then wipeth his bill as if he had not touched on it. . . . .

Father

Maistresse, shall I geeve you some crust of this pie ?

Wife

As it will please you : I am well God be thanked.

Father

Me thincketh that it is too much baakt.

Wife

No forsoothe, it is but well : but it is a great pitie that the licker is so runne out.

Father

It is the faulte of the baker : I would that he had it in his belly.

Guest

I would bee sory of it truly, for I should lose. . . .

Father

Wyfe, have wee nothyng els ?

Wife

Yea, husband : are the blackebyrdes rosted, the larkes, and the woodcockes ? set here this partrich larded.

Father

Coosin, if you will eate of a good morsell, cut some of these loynes of the hare, drest with a blacke sauce.

Cousin

Unckle, here is to much meate : mee thinketh that wee bee at a weddyng.

Wife

I doo heare some body which knocketh at the doore : see who it is.

Lackey

Mighell, where bee the keyes ?

Michael

They hange on a nayle behinde the doore.

(*The visitors, on being admitted, inquire whether the master has dined.*)

Lackey

Hee is not at the Fruit yet.

Visitor

Are there many folkes with him?

Lackey

Fifteen, or sixteen: what is your pleasur? what shal I say who asketh for him?

Visitor

Tel him that it is N.

Lackey

Come in Sir: come in gentilwoman.

(*He announces them.*)

Sir, there is a gentilman beneathe which would fayne speake with you.

Father

Cause him to come in.

(*John, having run to the door to peep at the newcomers, returns, crying out.*)

John

Father, it is my godfather, and my godmother.

Father

Ah lickerish, you know them well by the cumfits, and lickerishnesse which they geeve you. Gossyp, you are welcome: and you also, my shee gossyp: how doo you?

The Godfather

So, so.

Father

Wherefore? have you been sicke?

Godfather

Yea, and of an evill sicknesse.

Father

What sicknesse hath taken you?

Godfather

Lackyng of money.

Father

Oh, take heede of that disease, for lackyng of money is a payne which there is not the like: I know it well: I have prooved it: but yet, what sicknesse have you?

Godfather

None, God be thanked, at this present, but the toothe ache: but I will heale it as soone as I shall come to my vitayles: so it is notwithstanding, that I have had an ague a fortnight or three weekes which hath much weakned mee, and I feele yet some fit of it, because I have not broken my fast.

Father

Where have you taried so longe? from whence come you now? truly you are to blame: wee have almost dined.

Godfather

Wee come from the court.

Father

What newes at the court? . . .

Godfather

Wee have seen the Queen in her coutche which cam from walkyng out of the Parke: and as she went to the chappell to heare the service, there was a Lady of the court, auncient enough, which hath presented her a request: the Queene hath taken it very gentely, truly, and hath geeven her her hand to kisse.

Father

Shee is a very courteous Princesse, God preserve her longe unto us.

Godfather

So beit : truly it is a Lady woorthy of a great prayse : shee hath kept us a longe time in peace and tranquilitie : the which yee have not read in any chronicle of England, that there hath been any Prince since the conquest, which hath maintayned this Realme in such a longe and good peace : and if I should say since Brutus, I should not lie. But in the meane time make mee some roume : you occupie more roume then three others : doo you see what a payre of buttockes he hath ?

Father

It is well sayd, gossip, make them to go backe, for you have neede of it : I thinke that you have a good stoomacke.

Godfather

So have I truly : why should I lie ?

Father

Will you sup some brothe ? Bryng unto him the broth of that capon which I have caused to be kept.

Godfather

Sirs, I pray you doo not tarie for mee : follow your enterprise : as for mee, I wil make a lawiers dinner.

Guest

What doo you meane by that ?

Godfather

Did you never heare speake of hunters breakfast, lawiers dinner, marchants supper and drinkyng of

Moonkes? he which maketh all these meales, doth hee not fare well?

Father

Where doth he take the sacke to thrust in so much meate?

Guest

He is worse then an Epicure.

Godfather

There be founde in the world such guts.

Guest

It is more pitie that there is no more disciplin among men.

Godfather

Hee which hath two knives, let him lend mee one.

Guest

Have you no knife?

Godfather

No.

Guest

Cut my finger, I geeve you leave, and I will not repent.

Godfather

You are an hardy man: you go to the battell after the blowes are geven: George, lende me your knife. . . .

Father

Elizabeth, take all away: geeve us the fruite. Sirs, will you eate of a Pike with a high dutche sauce? what say you of a stued Carpe?

Guest

Oh Syr, it is to much: it wold be excesse: besides, you will put your self to great coste.

Father

Care you not for the charges : it is drest : set them upon the boorde, and eate of it who will.

Guest

I thinke that this Carpe was an ell longe : is it of your ponde ?

Another

And that Pike, it is the greatest and biggest that ever I see.

Father

Now serve the fruite : laye here those rosted paires, and the scrapped cheese : set those appels lower : they bee pepins, as it seemeth unto me : did you ever see fearer pepins ?

Guest

I hold a penie that it comethe out of Normandie.

Father

No no, it is growen in England : these tartes bee cold, & the egges pies also : maistris, will you have some cake ? trulie it is but dow, I wold the baker had been backed when he did heate the oven.

Guest

But so it is that this wether shold warne him to heate his oven well, for it is verie cold : it doth snow and frisethe all together.

Father

It did raine nowe : Henry, go fetch some wood and make good fier : bring a bushell of coales.

Henry

Wel maister.

Father

Roland, shall we have a song ?

Roland

Yea Sir : where bee your bookes of musick ? for they bee the best corrected.

Father

They bee in my chest : Katherin take the key of my closet, you shall find them in a litle til at the left hand :

(*Katherine fetches the songs.*)

behold, therbee faire songes at fouer partes.

Roland

Who shall singe with me ?

Father

You shall have companie enough : David shall make the base : Jhon, the tenor : and James the treble. Begine : James, take your tune : go to : for what do you tarie ?

James

I have but a rest.

Father

Roland, drink afore you begine, you will sing with a better corage.

Roland

It is wel said : geve me some white wine : that will cause me to sing clearer.

Guest

You must drink greene wine.

Roland

Yea trulie to cause me to lose my voice.

Godfather

Oh, see what a fonell, for he hath powred downe a quarte of wine without anie takinge of his breath.

Roland

I shold not bee a singing man except I could drink well: and for feare wee shold have the throte drie, wee weat the mouthe often: and among us singers wee have a good recepte for to be never drie.

Guest

What is it I praye you? I wold faine learne it.

Roland

I will teach it unto you for a quarte of wine, is not that good cheape?

Guest

Truly thou shalt have two quartes, and geeve it mee in writyng.

Roland

You neede no writing in that: you will remembre it well enough by harte.

Guest

Say then I pray thee.

Roland

For to quenche well the thirst, one must drinke often, and longe draughtes.

Guest

Is that thy receite? go, go with a morion: I know that above ten yeeres a go.

Roland

I could not geeve you a better phisicke then the same which I take for my selfe.

Guest

Thou hast a conscience as large as a grea Friers sleeve : if I should do that, I shoulde have the dropsie before a monthes ende.

Roland

And I, if I should not drinke, I should become as drie as a gammon of Bacon hong on a chimney : therefore your nature and mine bee contrary : and as I perceave, you cannot tell the songe which beginneth I had rather go without hosen then forbeare drinkyng.

Guest

I praye thee let us have it.

Roland

With all my herte.

Guest

Truelie he is a merie fellowe.

Father

Leonard, ar the chestnutes rosted ?

Leonard

Yea Sir.

Father

Geve them uppon the borde. Henry, rise, and your sister also : what, you kepe table as long as wee : serve here : and see whether anie thing be wanting upon the bord : but I praye you cut that cheese : you doo not make good cheere : you are not merie : this musick doth not make you merie.

Guest

Yes forsoth : truelie I take a great delight in it.

Another Guest

There is a good song : I do marvell who hath made it.

Father

It is the maister of the children of the Queenes Chapel.

Guest

What is his name?

Father

Maister Edwards.

Guest

Is he alive?

Father

I heard saie that he was dead.

Another Guest

It is alreadi a good while a go: ther are at the least five yeers and a half.

Father

Truelie it is pitie: he was a man of a good wit, and a good poete: and a great player of playes.

Guest

Well, he is gon before, wee shall follow him hereafter when it will please God.

Father

Geeve me that sheepe cheese: will you have of this Frenche Angelot? it is yet green.

Guest

It is more deintie, as men doo say, notwithstandyng I love it not because it is so fat: it is but creame.

Father

Tast then of this parmison, or of this Holland cheese.

Guest

Where is my lackey? I did send him to fetch some Renish wine, and I thinke that he lieth by the way.

Lackey

Hee is come agayne : he drieth him selfe in the kitchin, because hee is wette.

Guest

Doth it rayne ?

Lackey

No Sir, but it doth snow harde.

Guest

I dare lay that he hath played with snow baules by the way :

Father

I drinke unto all the companie : thanking you that you have shewen unto mee so much curtesie as to have come to my house : I am sorie that I am not able to make you better cheere.

Guests

Wee do thanke you, Sir, what better cheere could you wishe ?

Father

Take away the boord : & call the children for to saie grace.

Lackey

George, take awaie this dishe, can you not ?

George

I cannot retch to it.

Lackey

Awaye you can doo nothing : you are good but to drink, eate and sleap.

Henry

Father doth it please you that I saye grace ?

Father

Tarie yet a litle that all be taken awaie : now saie.

Henry

To thee wee do geeve thankes, etc.

Father

Now rehearse some faire sayinge or sentence, that wee maye see what you have learned.

Henry

What shall I saie father? a sentence, a proverb, a fable, an epigrame, or an apophthegme?

Father

Say what you liste.

Henry

For one pleasure, a thousand sorowes.

Guest

It is verie well and truelie said : you are a feare childe : come neare to mee that I may reason with you : what booke doo you reade at schoole?

Henry

My maister readeth unto us Terence and Virgil, Syr.

Guest

Who is the captayne of your schoole?

Henry

It is Henry Edmoundes.

Guest

What, hee whiche did pronounce an Oration before the Queenes majestie, when she was now of late at Lewsham?

Henry

Yea Syr, it is hee.

Guest

I know his father very well : he is a good gentilman truly.

Father

Now, have you talked longe enough with that boy ?

Guest

I take a great delight to talke with this yonge boye : is this your daughter also ?

Father

Yea gossip.

Guest

Truly it is a feare gerle : she will cost you nothyng toward her mariage : she wilbe maried for her beautie and good grace.

Father

Yea truly, you say well : she is a fayre blacke one : take your spectakels, and looke a little neerer : doo you mocke ?

Guest

No truly : I have not put on my mocke.

Father

Let us wash after dinner. . . . Let us go take the aire of the fier : I beginne to wax cold : gossip, what do you there ? why come you not nere the fier ? page, laie a faggot on the fier.

Wife

Husband you will set the chemnie on fier, except you take heede.

Father

I will not my she lover, for it is therin alreadi.

Guest

It is time to departe, for they have ronge twise to eveninge praiers.

Father

Have you so great haste? let us warme us first, and then wee will go all together.

Guest

By your leave: wee will take our leave of you: thanking you hartelie for our good chere.

Father

Will you be gone?

Guest

Yea, if it pleaseth you.

Father

As it will please you.

Guest

God geeve you a good and longe life Sir.

Father

A good and longe life God geeveth unto you.

Guest

God bee with you gossip till I see you agayne.

Wife

They bee gon.

Father

God bee their guide.

III THE FRENCH GARDEN

THE DIALOGUES

The rising in the Morning

The Lady called my Lady Ri-Melaine — The chamber-maid (called Prudence)

The Page

The Wayting Gentle-woman named Joly

Lady

Hoe! who is in the inner Chamber? how now, Maidens, heere you not? are you deafe?

Prudence

I am heere Madam.

Lady

Why doe you suffer me to sleepe so long? I am ashamed of myselfe truely.

Prudence

I came heather soft and faire, once or twice, to see if

you were awaked, and seeing you a sleepe I durst not awake you, but it is not so late as you thinke.

Lady

What is it a clocke?

Prudence

It is but halfe an houre past seaven.

Lady

What is it so farre day? Oh God! I went to bed yesternight so timely, thinking to rise this morning, at the farthest at 6. a clock: now I verifie in me the grave speeches of that great Philosopher, the Emperor Marc. Aur. speaking of the unsatiableness of mankinde, when he said (among other things) the more I sleep, the more I would sleep. Go too go too, draw the windowe Curtaines: call my Page, let him bring some wood to my Chamber doore, make a fier quickly, that I may rise.

Prudence

Page where are you? What are you not readye? I thinke you must have a Chamberlaine.

Page

How now? What have you seene this morning? Hath your lover broken promise with you? How sharp you are! How wel you play the Mistresse? My Lady could not chide better, what ayleth you?

Prudence

I crye you mercye Sir, have I offended you? one may not speake to you, but with reverence, you have forgotten your last beating, you have great need that my Lady remember you, it is so long since shee made you be whipped: will it please you to fetch some wood? bring some faggots and billets, forget not a baven, and

see that it be drye, for the faggots are too greene, lay them at the Chamber doore, & come not in the chamber until my lady be up, or that you be called, hasten you.

Lady

O God ! how long you make me tarrye ! Kindle the fire quickly, warme my smocke and give it me. Where is Joly ? call her :

Prudence

She commeth Madame. Mistress Jolye, My Ladye calleth you in great hast :

Jolye

Good Lord ! What shall I doe ? She will chide me, I pray thee sweet heart, help me a little to put on my gowne, give me that Rebato as it is, I will pin it anone, I have not leysure to doe it now : I cannot find my Kertle nor my aprone, I give you great thankes, I will an other time, doe so much for you.

Prudence

Mend that same a little, that hangeth behinde you.

Jolye

I am well enough, I will dresse my selfe better anone. Let me goe, I heare my Ladye call.

Lady

Will you keepe me heere all the day ? Where be all my thinges ? Goe fetch my cloathes : bring my petty-coate bodyes : I meane my damask quilt bodies with whale bones, what lace doe you give me heere ? this lace is too shorte, the tagges are broken, I cannot lace myselfe with it, take it away, I will have that of greene silke : when shall I have my undercoate ? Give me my peticoate of wroughte Crimson velvet with silver fringe : why doe you not give me my nightgowne ?

For I take colde: where be my stockens? Give me some cleane sockes, I will have no woorsted hosen, showe me my Carnation silk stockins: where laid you last night my garters? Take away these slippers, give me my velvet pantofles; send for the shoomaker that he may have again these turn-over shooes, for they be too high. Put on my white pumpes; set them up I will have none of them: Give me rather my Spanish leather shooes, for I will walke to-day. . . . Tye the strings with a strong double knot, for feare they untye themselves: Jolye, come dresse my head, set the Table further from the fire, it is too neere. Put my chayre in his place. Why doe you not set my great looking glasse on the table? It is too high, set the supporter lower. Undoe my night attire: Why doe you not call the Page to warme the rubbers? let him be called: heere sirra warme that, and take heede you burne it not. I praye you Jolye rubbe well my head, for it is very full of dandrife, are not my combes in the case? Where is my Ivorye combe? Combe me with the boxen combe: Give me first my combing cloth, otherwise you will fill me full of haires, the haires will fall upon my cloathes, Combe backeward, O God! you combe too harde, you scratch me, you pull out my hayres, can you not untangle them softly with your handes before you put the combe to it?

Jolye

Will it please you to rise up a little Madame? For your haires are so long, that they trayle on the ground.

Lady

My daughter Fleurimonde is like me in that, hath she not fayre haires, what say you of it?

Jolye

Truly Madame she hath the fayrest, the longest flaxen-couler haires that one can see, there needeth no curling

of them, for they are curled of themselves. In truth she hath the fayest head of haires that ever I sawe.

Lady

I like her the better for it, it is a thing verye comely for a woman, and as *Saint Paul* saith, It is an Ornament unto her, but whilst we prattle, we forget that the time goeth away : go too, I am combed enough. Page take the combe-brushes, and make cleane my combes, take heed you doe not make them cleane with those that I use to my head : take a quill to take away the filth from them, and then put them in the case, that none be missing : go too, make an end of dressing my head.

Jolye

What doth it please you to weare to-day Madame? Will it please you to weare your haires onely, or els to have your French whood?

Lady

Give me my whood, for me thinketh it is somewhat colde, and I have a rewme which is falne on the left side of my head, But tarrye, what weather is it?

Jolye

Truely Madame it seemeth that this day will be the fayrest day that hath bene this great while.

Lady

I perceive that you would have me to take an other attyre, and for to please you, I am content of it, but if I be sicke thereby, I will laye the blame on you.

Jolye

Noe with the grace of God Madame.

Lady

Set up then my French whood and my Border of Rubies, give me an other head attyre : take the key

of my closet, and goe fetch my long boxe where I set my Jewels (for to have them out) that I use to weare on my head, what is become of my wyer? Where is the haire-cap? Have you any ribans to make knots? Where be the laces for to bind my haires? Go too Page, give me some water to wash, where's my muske ball? Give me rather my paste of Almonds, for it scoureth better: where is my piece of Scarlet to wipe my face? Give me that napkin: now set on my Carkenet of precious stones: call my Taylor to bring my gowne, not the close one, but my open gowne of white Sattin layd on with buttons of Pearle. Prudence, give me my bracelets of Aggathes: Shall I have no vardingale? You remember nothing, you have a Coneyes memorye, you lose it in running, go too you head-braine fellowe, Page hear you? You doe but playe the foole, doe you not see that I want my buske? what is become of the buske-poynt?

Jolye

What dooth it please you to have Madame, a ruffe band or a Rebato?

Lady

Let me see that ruffe, How is it that the supporter is so soyled? I knowe not for what you are fit, that you cannot so much as to keep my cloathes cleane: I beleeve that the meanest woman in this towne, hath her apparel in better order then I have: take it away give me my Rebato of cut-worke edged, is not the wyer after the same sorte as the other? It is a great wonder if it be any thing better, Me think it is now time that you should know how to serve. Is there no small pinnes for my Cuffes? Looke in the pinne-cushen. Pinne that with a blacke pinne, give me my girdle and see that all the furniture be at it: looke if my Cizers, the

pincers, the pen-knife, the knife to close Letters, with the bodkin, the ear-picker and my Seale be in the case: where is my pursse to weare upon my gowne? And see that my silver Comfet box be full of Comfets: have I a cleane handkercher? I will have no Muffe, for it is not colde, but shall I have no gloves? Bring my maske and my fanne, Help me to put on my Chayne of pearles. Page come hether, goe to my Ladye of Beau-Sejour, have me most humblye commended unto her, & tell her that if she have no greater busines, if it pleaseth her to take the paines to come & dyne with us, & bring with her, her sister, Mistresse Du-Pont-Gailliard, they shall be most hartilie welcome, and whome so ever it shall please them to bring with them, & we will do something this afternoone for to recreate us and passe the time: goe your wayes, bring me an answer forthwith: and you Prudence set up all my night-geare, put them in the cushen cloath, dresse my chamber, & then goe aske Mistresse Clemence (my Daughters Mistresse) if they be readye? Bid her bring with her to me in the gallerie, Fleurimonde & Charlot with their worke. Jolye come with me, carye with you my prayer-booke and my Psalter, first goe to the boyes chamber, see if they be readie: come againe by and by, to the end that I be not alone, you shall finde me in the gallerie.

The 2. Dialogue

PRUDENCE — The Mistresse (named MRS. CLEMENCE VALDORY)

The Daughters: FLEURIMONDE, and CHARLOTTE

Mrs. Clemence

Who knocketh there?

Prudence

It is I, M. Clemence.

Mrs. Clemence

Come in, the doore is not locked nor bolted.

Prudence

God give you good morrowe Gentlewomen: good morrowe Mistresse Clemence:

Fleurimonde

And to you also Prudence, what newes? . . . Is my Mother up?

Prudence

Up! she is alreadie in the gallery, she hath sent me to knowe if you were readie, she biddeth you three to come to her, and that you bring your worke with you.

Mrs. Clemence

Did I not tell you so? In truth it grieveth me verye much to see you so sluggish. I have called you an houre before you began to rise, you will force me in the end to complaine to my Ladye your mother: it is a thing undecent and unwholsome, for young people to lye a bed so long: go too mistresse Charlot, your eldest sister is readie, are not you so yet?

Charlotte

I pray you doe not tell my mother, and you shall see that heer-after we shalbe more dilligent, not-withstanding I am readie, doe you not remember the Proverbe which my Brother tolde us the other day, that to rise early is not the best chance, but to breakefast is the surest thing? Sister where be our workes? I forgot my needle case, take the silke, the bottome of threed, the cruel is not untwyned, it is all one, let us goe when you

please, but tary a little, I have not my silver thimble, it is within my worke-boxe.

(*They join their mother in the gallery.*)

The 3. Dialogue

Lady

. . . Fleurimonde, showe me your worke: is this your Cut-worke? Me thinketh that there is somewhat amisse: I espie a fault in it, the edge is reasonablie well made: is this your net-worke? . . . & you Charlote where is your work? are your tapistrie cushens ended?

Charlotte

I have but one cushen to do, I lacke silke, I know not what is become of the cushen canvas, all my golde and silver is done, I want more blacke yarne, I have not enough of blewe cruell.

Lady

. . . Mistres Clemence . . . I pray you let them have what is fit for them, to the end they lose no time. . . . At what houres do your Maisters come?

Charlotte

Our dauncing Maister commeth about nine a clocke: our singing Master, and he that teacheth us to play on the virginalles, at tenne: he that teacheth us on the Lute and the Violl de Gambo, at foure a clocke in the after noone: and our French Master commeth commonly betweene seaven and eight a clocke in the morning.

Lady

It is then time that you goe studie your lessons, to the end you may say them well when he commeth: have you broken your fast to-day?

Fleurimonde

Yes Mother.

Lady

Now goe in Gods name, whome I praye to fill you with his graces. I goe to the Nurces chamber, to see your brethren.

The 4. Dialogue

The French Lesson

THE FRENCH MASTER — THE DAUGHTERS

The Cousin (called Mr. DU PETIT SENS) — THE LADYE

Master

God give you good morrowe Gentlewomen.

The Daughters

And to you also Sir, How doe you to day?

Master

Well at your commaundement: And you, how is it with you this morning?

The Daughters

Very well thanks be to God: What is it a clocke? it seemeth that you come somewhat later then you were wont:

Master

Pardon me Mistresse, it is but halfe an houre past seaven: Now can you say your lessons?

Fleurimonde

Truly Sir without lying, we cannot saye them verye

well, it is best to speake the truth, for though we should say otherwise, you will see the contrarye, and then we should commit a double faulte.

Master

Go too, let us see what you can doe : where be your bookes ?

Fleurimonde

Sister Charlote, I pray you goe fetch our bookes, bring our French Garden, and all our other bookes.

Charlotte

I cannot find them, where did you set them yesterday ?

Fleurimonde

Good God ! what a short memorie you have ? did you not carye them your selfe into our Closet ?

Charlotte

You say true, they are upon the table, I will goe fetch them : holde, heere they be all. Sir will it please you sit downe at the tables end ? My Sister shall sit on the other side, and I heere, to th' end you may heare us the better : heere is a Chayre and a cushen, give me a stoole :

Cousin

God be with you then my good faire Cosins, seeing that you goe to exercise your French, I will be gone, for feare I hinder you.

Master

No forsooth you shall not let us at all, goe not awaye for that, the Gentle-women are glad of your companye, you shall help them to say their lessons, at least you may judge how well they pronounce and learne : Will it please you to take your place by them ? Now in the

name of God let us begin. Mistres Fleurimond read first, speake somewhat lowder, to th' end I may heare if you pronounce well: say that worde againe. Wherefore do you sound that s? Doe you not knowe that it must be left? Well, it is well said, read with more facilitie, without taking such paines: doe not haste so much: do you not hurt your stomacke against the boord? Holde your booke higher, or els set it on a cushen: well, you have read enough, Construe me that, what is that? do you understand that? Tell me the signification in English.

Fleurimonde

Truly Sir I cannot tell it, I understand it not, I beseech you tell it me, and I will remember it against an other time.

Master

Give me your paper, and I will write it, to th' end you forget it not. This paper sinckes: The Incke is too white: your penne is naught.

Fleurimonde

I pray you Sir mend it me.

Master

Give me then your penknife, for I cannot cut it with my fingers.

Fleurimonde

You cannot doe it without your fingers.

Master

You say true, nor without penknife neither. This penknife cutteth nothing, I goe to whet it: now I finde the penne good, trye if it be good for you.

Fleurimonde

It is too small: it writes somewhat too bigge.

Cousin

Truly Cousin, you tryumph : In hearing you speake, one woulde take you for a French-woman, you speake it so well. Go too little Cousin Charlot let us heare how daintily you speake : can you speake French ?

Charlotte

Not yet verye well : . . .

Master

Mistres Charlote, will it please you to read ?

Charlotte

When it pleaseth you Sir, I am readie to read.

Master

And I to heare you : begin, for the time tarieth not for us, Say that againe : doe not force your voyce, onely observe your rules, and read as though you should read English : doe you not see that this worde endeth by *e* feminine ? & th' other word following beginneth by a vowell ? Why doe you sound that *e*, then ? Mistres Fleurimond, heare her read, and tell her when she misseth, that will proffit you as much as if you should read your selfe, for by the teaching of an other, one doth instruct himselfe, I shall see also thereby, how you remember your rules : doe you not see that she hath missed there ?

Fleurimonde

Sister, doe not pronounce *l*, in this worde *mol*, nor *t*, in this worde *et*, but rather as if it were written *mou*, and *e*.

Master

You did note that very well.

(*Enter the Lady Ri-Mellaine.*)

Lady

God give you good morowe Master E. Doe not stirre, keepe your place. How doe your Scholers learne? All by leisure, not making over-much haste, They be full of conscience, They will not take too much for their money, But we knowe you are an honest man, and therefore our trust is, that you will set them forward, as much as you can.

Master

Verily Madame, You have no cause to reproove them of neglience, for (though I speake it before them) it is no flattery to say the truth : yea it is as badly done to neglect prayse where it is due (seeing it is a good spirit, a sting to pricke him forward to doe good) as shame to praise where praise is not deserved, They take as much paine as any other Gentlewomen that I know, and therfore I assure you (and beseech you to beleeve me, for I would tell you if it were otherwise) that there wanteth no diligence in them.

Lady

So it is for all that, that I was not so long a learning as Fleurimonde, and yet I speake it reasonably well, It might serve my turne at need.

Master

Madame you speake it naturally well, and truly I rejoyce my selfe very much also, for that Mistres Fleurimond speaks it so well although that the prayses thereof ought to be attributed rather to her good spirite, then to my sufficiencie in teaching.

Lady

You would praise him that hath taught me.

Master

Both you and he deserve great prayses.

Lady

Well good Master E. I goe where I thought before to goe.

(*She leaves them.*)

Master

Gentlewomen, have I given you newe lessons?

The Daughters

Yea Sir.

Master

And you Mistris Fleurimonde, Have I showed you that which you have to write out of English into French?

Fleurimonde

Yea Sir.

Master

Mistris Charlotte, have you declined your verbes?

Charlotte

Yea Sir.

Master

Then we have done all for this day, and so I will take my leave from you, and bid you farewell untill we meete againe.

Fleurimonde

God be with you Sir until to morrow, But I pray you to come to morrowe, somewhat timelyer (if you can) because I beleeve that my mother will goe forth and wee shall goe with her.

Master

Well Gentlewomen, I will come as soone as I may.

(*The Master departs.*)

Cousin

Is this he which teacheth you to speake French?

Charlotte

Yes, doe you not see it? How doe you like him? Is he not sufficient to teach?

Cousin

I can finde no faulte in it.

Charlotte

I beleeve you, but yet what say you of him?

Cousin

I beleeve he did never Traffike in the East countries nor was ever a silke Merchant.

Charlotte

I understand you well, it is because he is so plainely cloathed:

Cousin

Doth he not feare that your cloathes should marre his? Me thinketh that some gallant fellowe and brave withall, would be fitter to teach Gentlewomen of so good a house, and of such qualityes as you are.

Fleurimonde

Cousen, you deceive your selfe. It is not the weed that maketh the monke, all they that are clothed with silke and are brave, are not alwaies the most sufficient; often-times more learning is found in one meanely apparailed, then in them that have but an outward braverie: wold to God you would speak to him, he wold tel you wel enough that though he be in Canvas, yet he is no Sonne to a wind-mil. My mother hath folowed the counsaile of Esope, she hath not so much

regarded the outward showe, as the spirit, and hath chosen us, rather, a Man of Understanding without silke, then a silken man without understanding : otherwise, some horse-keeper that never did anything els then dresse his horses, might have bene sufficient to teach us. Truely tis a vice which beareth to much sway in our time, that one doth respect more the gilding of the body, then the riches of the minde. So that one may be bravely apparailed, it booteth not ; one passeth every where. Indeed I held you for a man of better judgement, But what? You followe the vulgar.

Cousin

Truely Cousin you are well worthy to have a good and sufficient Master, He which you have is infinitely beholding unto you, for the good opinion you have of him, but I hope you will not take it in evill parte that which I have said.

Fleurimonde

Wel, wel, I forgive you, condicionally that heerafter you beare more respect to the vertue of the persons (if you can judge therof) then to their magnifical swagering.

Cousin

Will it please you to commaund me any service?

Fleurimonde

No Cousin, I will not presume to commaund, but I pray you that we may have your Company at dinner.

Cousin

You shall excuse me for this day, therefore I bid you farewell.

Fleurimonde

I am sure you will not goe before you take your leave of my mother.

Cousin

Where is my Lady? I know not where to goe finde her.

Fleurimonde

Sister Charlote, I pray you goe tell my mother that my Cousin of Petit-sence, will be gone, you shall finde her in the Nurces chamber, or with my bretheren.

Charlotte

Well Sister I goe, but keepe him then untill I come againe, I will not tarye.

Fleurimonde

You are come againe very soone, what saith she?

Charlotte

Cousin, she hath charged me not onely to pray you, but also to lay her commaundement, that you goe not untill she hath spoken with you.

Cousin

Well, then I dare not disobey, Seeing that it is her pleasure.

The 5. Dialogue

In the Nursery

THE LADY THE NURCE

Lady

Good morrowe Nurce.

Nurce

God give you good morrowe Madame.

Lady

How now, how doth the childe?

Nurce

He is fayre and plumpe, and doth very wel thanks be to God, saving that he hath bin somwhat waiward the last night.

Lady

Hath he so? What shold aile him? It may be he hath some tooth a growing, is he in his cradle? See if he sleepeth.

Nurce

He is full awaken Madame.

Lady

He is not yet made readie is he?

Nurce

No Madame, I have let him sleepe all this morning.

Lady

Unswaddle him, undoe his swadling bands, give him his breakefast whilst I am heere, make his pappe, take away that fierbrand which smoketh for it will taste of the smoke, where is his little spoone? Wash him before me, have you cleane water? ô my little hart! God blesse thee, Rub the crowne of his head, wash his eares, and put some fine clout behinde them to thend to keep them drye and cleane, wash his face: Lift up a little his haires, Is not that some durt that I see upon his forehead? His browes are very round. What hath he upon his ey-lids? Me thinks that his eyes are somewhat watrish, make them cleane: how quick is his ey-ball, hath he not a pimple upon his nose? His little cheekes are wet, I beleeve you did leave him alone

to crye and weepe : picke his nosthrils, wipe his mouth and his lips. How many teeth hath he ? His gummes be sore, Showe me his tongue, let me see the pallet of his mouth, he hath a prettie chin. What a faire necke he hath ! Pull off his shirt, thou art prety & fat my little darling, wash his arme-pits : what ayleth his elboe ? ô what an arme he hath ! His hand-wrist is very small : open his right hand : the palme of his left hand is all on water, did he sweat ? How he spreadeth his small fingers ! His thumbe and little finger are Flea-bitten, for the blacke spots are there yet, is there any Fleas in your Chamber ? . . . Now swadle him againe, But first put on his biggin and his little band with an edge, where is his little petticote ? giue him his coate of changeable taffata, and his sattin sleeves : Where is his bibbe ? Let him have his gathered Aprone with stringes, and hang a Muckinder to it : you need not yet to give him his Corall with the small golden chayne, for I beleeve it is better to let him sleepe untill the after noone, give him some sucke, I pray you take heed to wipe well the nipple of your dugge before you put it in his mouth, for feare that there be any haire or other thing which may hurt him. You mayd, goe fetch the childes cradle, make his bed, where is his pillowe ? seeke a cleane pillow-bere, Set on the coverlet, now put him in his cradle and rocke him till he sleepe but bring him to me first that I may kisse him : God send thee good rest my little boykin. I pray you good Nurce have a care of him.

Nurce

Dout not of it Madame with the grace of God.

Lady

Well then, God be with you till anon.

The 6. Dialogue

Guy and René

THE LADY	The 2 Sonnes, GUY & RENÉ
The Master (called MR. CHAMPORTE-ADVIS)	The Childrens boye (called RICHARD NEUF-ABIEN)

Lady

Open the doore here : How now Children what doe you ? You holde your bookes, it is well done.

The Children

I beseech you Madame give me your blessing if it pleaseth you :

Lady

My Children, Seeing it hath pleased God (the onely giver of all good) who might have made me some bace creature and of no dignitie, to call me to that degree : I am a Lady to all, but mother specially to my Children, therefore the sweetest and most pleasant name that they can give me, is to call me Mother. I pray God to heap his blessings on you : have you saluted your Father to day ?

Children

Yes Mother.

Lady

Where is your Master ?

Children

He is in his studie Mother.

Lady

René, goe tell him that I am heere.

René

Master my mother is in our chamber, and she would speake with you.

Master

God give you good morrowe Madame.

Lady

Good morrowe Master Champ-porte-advis, I come to visit you this Morning, and am very glad to finde your Schollers so well employed as to their Bookes, as I perceive you doe not keep them idle, wherefore I like you the better, For there is nothing more hurtfull, not onely to youth, but also to all sortes of persons, then idlenes, for it is the inventer and mother of all evils. You knowe wherefore they are put to your charge, which is, not onely to teach them in the Grammer & the Latin tongue, but also to bring them up in good maners, and to advise them of their duties, and therefore I dout not but that the first thing you make them to do, is to pray to God : come hether Guy, have you said your prayers this morning ?

Guy

Yes Mother.

Lady

And you also René ?

René

Yes Mother, so soone as we are risen and have put on our cloathes, and that we have washed, our Master maketh us to say prayers, and to read a Chapter in the Bible, to repeat some Sentences out of Cicero or some other good Author. Then we goe to breake-fast, having broken fast we studie our lessons, as you have found us.

Lady

Go too, read me this Chapter : softe, read leysurely, You make too much haste : doe you not knowe that haste makes waste ?

René

I have done Mother, I am at the end of the Chapter.

Lady

You have read, but it is not enough to read. They that be wise, doe read for their Instruction, & not for the sound of wordes onely, you are passed your A. B. C. that one giveth to little Children for to learne to pronounce and sound the wordes. You must be better then Parrots, which doe pronounce some wordes as well as we doe, and yet are never the wiser for want of intelligence : Have you remembred and do you understand that which you have read ? Otherwise you are no better than a Parrot. I remember I have heard your Master tell you once, this Latin Sentence : Legere et non intelligere negligere est. Which is as much to say (as I take it) To read and not understand, is an unprofitable thing : therefore have regarde when you read, to conceive your reading, to make profit by it, otherwise you read in vaine and doe nothing but lose time. Master Champorte-advis, it seemeth unto me, that they which have youth under their government, ought to doe as the good Phisitions, that sound the bodies of their Pacients : and if they finde them in danger to fall into some sicknes, doe minister unto them preservatives to prevent it. In like sorte the parents and masters ought to search diligently, if their Children be adicted to any vice, to free them from the same, even from their youth, before they be over much rooted in them. I pray you to tell me the truth (for I am not any of those foolish mothers, which will never beleeve any imperfections of children, but like the Ape, It seems unto them that they

be above al other faire and perfect) doe you finde any bad inclination in mine?

Master

In truth Madame, I see them not given to any lewd vice, sometimes there is a litle jealousie, specially when I praise one of them, for having said his lesson better then the other, but not that they enter into any variance for it.

Lady

O, if there be but an Emulation who shall doe best, it is not to be reproved, for it is generositie, but if one be envious of the others good, that proceedeth from a bad nature, and therefor that spot is intollerable. Guy and René, come neere to me, which of you write best?

René

It is my brother Mother.

Lady

Holde then Guy, there is an Inke-horne gilt, furnished of all things necessarie that I give you, to thend to encourage you to learne the better.

Guy

I most humbly thanke you Mother, truely it is faire.

Lady

René what say you of your Brothers Inke-horne? are you sorye for it?

René

Truely Mother I am not sorye that he hath it, nevertheles if I had the like I would be the gladder: beleve me that I envye him not, but I hope that (even as he excelleth me in writing) I will excell him shortly in some other matter, and then you will give me also something as good as it or better.

Lady

Well, I shall see (God willing) how you will profit, notwithstanding you ought to be as glad of your brothers good, as of your owne, if I thought that you should envie him for it, I would cause you to be whipt very soundly, for you must knowe, that there is nothing more absurd, nor blockish then envye. . . .

Master

But Madame, I had forgotten to tell you that your sonne Guy is somwhat slowe to rise in the morning, for one must call him three or foure times before he come out of his bed, I have thought good to tell it you before his face, specially at this time, to the end it may please you to take the paine to tell him his lesson, as well as to his yonger brother.

Lady

Is it true? Truly M. Champorte-advis, the greatest faulte is in you, it is but a benumming of the limbes that he hath, which you ought to supply, in annointing him with the juice of Birch, which is excellent for such a cure, & if you apply it but twise or thrice, You shall see a mervailous operation, But if your medicine be not of force, let me knowe it, & I will make him such a morning song that it wil awake him in all diligence & hasten him more then a good pace. Come hether freind, I am ashamd to hear that what I hear of you, . . . You have almost attayned to the age of nyne yeeres, at least to eight and a halfe, and seing that you knowe your dutie, if you neglect it you deserve greater punishment then he which through ignorance doth it not. Think not that the nobilitie of your Ancesters doth free you to doe all that you list, contrarywise, it bindeth you more to followe vertue. . . . Come hether both of you, doe you weare your cloathes Gentle-men like? Where is your hat-band? And you,

where is the cipres of yours? Have you taken cleane shirts this morning? Your bands be not cleane. Why have you taken your wast-coates? Is it so colde? Button your Dublet, are you not ashamed to be so untrussed? Where is your Jerkin? for this morning is somewhat colde: And you also, take your coate, are you ungirt? Boy Neuf-a-bien, heere you? You do nothing but play tricks there, Goe fetch your Masters silver hatched Daggers, you have not brushed their breeches, Bring the brushes and brush them before me, Lord God how dustie they are! They are full of dust,what stockins have you? Your silke stockins or your wosted hose? Put on your garters embroidered with silver, for it may be that yee shall goe foorth with me, where are your Cuffes and your falles? Have you cleane handkerchers? Take your perfumed gloves that are lyned, Put on your gownes untill we goe, and then you shall take your cloakes lyned with Taffata, and your Rapiers with silver hiltes. Tye your shooe-stringes. Well, take your bootes, your boot-hosen, and your gilt spurres. Ri(chard) Neuf-a-bien, have you made cleane their shooes to-day?

Richard Neuf-a-bien

Yea Madame.

Lady

Truely so it seemes, come hether you brasen-facte lyer, art thou not ashamed to affirme so apparent a lye before me? The myre and durt sticke on them yet. Seest thou not that they are all durtie? Truely I will teach you how to lye, or rather how you should not lye. I wil not leave such a vice unpunished. M. Champort-advis, I wil have him to be whipt soundly before his Masters, And (as it is said) to beat the dog before the lyon for an example unto them. There is nothing more bace then lying. . . . But I heare some body knocke at the doore, René, see who it is.

René

It is Mistris Joly, mother, which bringeth word, that my Lady of Beau-Sejour and Mistres Du Pont-gailliard, and some others be come.

Lady

They are welcome, I must then be gone.

The 7. Dialogue

Shewing the receiving into the house

THE LADY MY LADY OF BEAU-SEJOUR
MRS. DU PONT-GALLIARD

Lady

Madame de Beau-sejour, I thinke my selfe so much beholding unto you, for the curtesie you have done me, to have taken such paine, as to come see us, and which is more, to have brought Mistris Du Pont-galliard your sister (whose companye is as agreeable unto me, as of any Gentlewoman that I know) that I know not how to be able to acknowledge it, but (without greater or more formall Cerimonies) you are most hartily welcome, and yee also Gentlemen.

Lady Beau-sejour

We must humblie thanke you Madame, you have more cause to finde us faultie, for comming so late, though we come timely enough for to dine.

Lady

How late? It is but tenne a clocke.

Lady Beau

Pardon me, Madame, It was halfe an houre past tenne, before we came out of our house.

Lady.

For all that, it is not yet eleven a clocke, nor dinner

time, For the Butler hath not yet covered the table, and therefore if you think it good, we may make a turne in she Exchange, It is not farre hence, for I must buye a tilke waste-cote which I have lost in play to M. De Suramont, against a velvet Muffe.

Lady Beau-sejour

We are at your commaundement, let us goe where it pleaseth you.

Lady

Page, bid the Coach-man put his horsses to the Carosse. Jolye, speake to the Butler to lay the table-cloath, and that all be readie when we come againe. Give me my maske, and goe fetch my Fanne. Now let us goe in Gods name. Who shall we have to be our gentleman usher? for mine is sicke.

Mistress Du Pont-Galliard

My Nevewe Du Vault-l'amour, Madame, if it pleaseth you to accept his service.

Lady

But if it pleaseth him to showe us so much curtesie, as to take the paine to accompany us, for we can have no better. Go too Coach-man, why doe we tarrye? drive your horsses.

The 8. *Dialogue*

At the Royal Exchange
(For to Cheapen)

The Shop-keeper or Sempster — Her Maide (called Atire-gain)

The Lady — Mist. Du Pont-galliard

Mast. Du Vault-l'amour

Atire-gain

Madame, what doth it please you to have? Would ye

have any faire linnen cloath? Mistris, see what I have, and I will showe you the fayrest linnen cloath in London, if you do not like it, you may leave it, you shall bestowe nothing but the looking on, The payne shall be ours to showe them you.

Lady

Into what Shop shall we goe?

Master Du Vault-l'amour

Madame, will it please you to enter into this Shop? This Maid doth invite us to it by her tongue, which she hath as free, as any that ever I heard.

Lady

Yet she is scarce worthy your love, though she be reasonable fine & prettie, but seeing that you affect her, we will see with what she will furnish us for your sake. Now my friend, have you any faire holland?

Atire-gain

Yes, forsooth, Madame, and the fairest lawne that ever you handled.

Lady

Thou speakst a proud word, what knowest thou, what lawne I have handled? it may be that I have had better then any that is in all thy Shop.

Atire-gain

I doe not say to the contrary Madame, but so it is notwithstanding, that I have as good & as faire as ever was made.

Lady

Well, well, you doe but your duetie, but God knoweth how largely you will speake, when you shall be for your selfe, seeing that you praise so highly your masters Marchandise: otherwise Ciceroes saying in his Offices,

is of no authoritie, but you learne your trade, for to live thereby heerafter. How sell you the Ell of this Cambricke?

Atire-gain

I knowe you have so good Judgement in linnen cloath, that I dare not showe you any for good, unlesse it were so: there needes no replye to such a Lady as you are, you may say your pleasure, the Cambricke will cost you twentie shillings the Ell.

Lady

Truly it lacketh no price: And if thinges be so much worth as those which sell them, doe make them to be: your Cambricke is very good, for you holde it at a good price, But yet I will not give so much tho.

Atire-gain

How much will it please you to give then Madame? to the end that I may have your Custome?

Lady

I will give you fifteene shillings, If you will take my money make shorte, for I have other busines then to tarye heere.

Atire-gain

Truely Madame I would be verye sorie to denie you if I could give it at that price, but in truth I cannot, unles I should lose by it.

Lady

I will give you sixteen, and not one halfepeny more. Mistris Du Pont-galliard, is it not enough?

Mistresse Du Pont-galliard

Me thinketh it Madame that you offer too much, as for me, I would not give so much.

Lady

Let us goe then to the shop on the other side.

Atire-gain

Shall we give it her at that price Mistris?

The Sempster

Showe me the marke of it. Yes call them backe.

Atire-gain

Madame, if you finde any better, I am content to give you mine for nothing.

Lady

Let it be as good as it will, yet you shall not have of me a penye more for it, for I have offred too much alreadie.

Sempster

Madame, I am content to lose in it, of the price that I sell it to others, in hope that you will buye of us when you shall have need: how many Elles will it please you to have?

Lady

Halfe a dossen Elles.

Sempster

Go too Atire-gaine, where is the Elle?

Lady

Make good measure. Master Du Vault-l'amour, I pray you to buye for me yonder wastcoate that I see in that other shop, for if I cheapen it, they will over price it me by the halfe, As for you, they knowe you have better skill in it. Joly pay for this cloath. Now, are you payed and contented?

Sempster

Yes Madame, I most humbly thanke you. Beleeve me

you have bestowed your money very well, and you have good cheap. Will you buye no shirts, ruffes, Falling bandes, handkerchers, night-coyfes, Falles, sockes, edged lace, Boote-hosen wrought, Or any other thing that we have? All is at your commaundement.

Lady

Not for this time I thanke you, farewell my she friend.

Sempster

Madame, God have you in his keeping.

Lady

Page goe see if the Coach be ready, Runne quickly. Coach-man we must alight in Cheapside, at the Mercers and Gold-smiths.

The 9. *Dialogue*

THE LADY BEAU-SEJOUR THE LADYE
THE MERCER

Lady Beau-sejour

Is it heere Madame, that you have accustomed to buye your Silkes?

Lady

Yes Madame.

Mercer

What will it please you to see Madame?

Lady

Showe me of the best Velvet you have.

Mercer

Of which would you Madame, plaine velvet? Rased velvet, pinkt, wrought velvet, or tuffe-taffata, and of what colour would you have?

Lady

I would see some of blacke. . . . Of how many pyles is this velvet? Of two or of three? Is it not gummed? How sell you the Elle of this sattin?

Mercer

It is the best sattin that is in this towne, it is full of silke, the colour is fayre and fresh.

Lady

Where is your damaske? Have you any good piece of taffata? Let me see that chamlet: is it watred or unwatred? Give me a good piece of millaine fustian: of some prettie colour which will not stayne, I will none of that, At the first rayne, it will loose his colour, it will stayne by and by. How sell you that piece of white cipresse?

Mercer

Have you no need of any cloath of gold or of silver?

Lady

Yes I must have some. What shall I pay you for your Cloath of golde? Doe not holde it too deere, and I will take some tenne yardes of it.

Mercer

You shall pay foure pounds a yarde.

Lady

It is too much, you are too deere, I will give you fiftie shillinges for it.

Mercer

I cannot sell it at that price. It cost me more then you offer me, Take it for three poundes and ten shillinges, And you may say that you have not ill bestowed your money.

Lady

As for me, I must not have so many wordes, it is too myser-like to bargaine so neere, I will not give you a pinne above three poundes, Choose whether you will take my Money or no.

Mercer

Madame, I am loath to send you away although I get nothing by it, you shall have it because we often take your money : wel, will it please you to see it measured ?

Lady

I should doe well to send to the Drapers, for I have need of some fine cloath, of serge, of bayes, of kersye, Of white cotens, but it shal be til an other time, Page, goe to the shop on the other side of the streete, and bid them bring to me hether, three ounces of silke : Some golde and silver lace, Some silke ribens of the largest, for to make Roses and knots, and some of the narrowe also, Some golde and silke fringe, some laces, some poyntes. . . . Why how now ? Why doe you not pay them their money ? Holde, reckon : . . . ten . . . fifteen . . . twenty . . . twenty five, twenty sixe, twenty seven, twenty eight, twenty nine, thirtye. . . . Well, are you satisfied for your Marchandise ?

Mercer

Wholy, Madame, whereof I humblye thanke you :

spare nothing that we have, For you knowe that all is at your Commaundement and service.

Lady

I beleeve, and I thanke you hartily for it. Now we must goe to the Golde-smithes, for I must buye some Ringes and bracelets : but we may goe a foote so farre, for it is but heere hard by : Let the Carosse come after us. Farewell my friendes and I thanke you.

Mercer

God give you a good and a long life Madame.

The 10. Dialogue

THE LADYE THE GOLD-SMITH
MISTRIS DU PONT GAILLARD MR. DU VAULT L'AMOUR

Lady

What Shop is this? I pray you looke to the Signe, If it be the greene Dragon :

Master Du Vault l'amour

Yes Madame, it is the same.

Gold-smith

What would you see Madame, a fayre Chayne of Pearles? wil it please you to come into the inner Shop, or els goe up into the Chamber, For it is light-sommer.

Lady

Well, let us goe up if you will : Let me see your Ringes : There is a fayre Diamond, what is it worth?

Gold-smith

The Diamond Madame, is worth Five hundred Crownes.

Lady

Showe me the biggest Pearles, the most Orientall, and the roundest that you have. How sell you this?

Gold-smith

That same Madame, will cost you three poundes sterling.

Mistris Du Pont Gaillard

Three poundes! I have seene fayrer for fortye shillinges. Cousin Du Vault-lamour, drawe neere, For I knowe that you are as skilful in precious Stones, as any Gentleman in England: what say you of it, Is it worth that price?

Master Du Vault-l'amour

I saw one yesterday, fayrer and bigger then this, for fiftye shillinges, how many such have you?

Gold-smith

I have enowe to make a Carkenet.

Lady

If you will be reasonable I will buy them all, But I mervaile what vertues have the precious stones, that they be so in request? You that sell them should knowe it and tell unto us, For to induce us to buye them.

Gold-smith

The precious Stones Madame, Have many great propertyes, But that which is most profitable unto us, It is the force they have to transporte the money from your pursse into ours, Nevertheles, I will tell you the vertue of some of the most precious, according as the Lapidarie

describeth them, and some other auncient naturalist Authors, As Isidore, Dioscorides, and Albertus Magnus. And first of the Diamond, Which is esteemed the chiefest of Stones, and called the Stone of Love, forasmuch as it hath vertue to reconcile and renue (yea rather increase) love in them that are maried, being in discord, by a hidden vertue that nature (or to speake more properly God) hath given it, to drawe good affection towards those that carye it: But I would never wish a pusillanimious man to carye it, for it manifesteth the timiditie of the heart. It hath power also to resist enchantments. The vertue of the Emrode, hath likewise force as the Diamond against enchantments: It quencheth lasciviousnes, increaseth riches and beautifieth the speech. The Agathe stirreth up stormes, giveth the interpretation of Dreames, and maketh the person to be agreable, The Saphir is a royall Stone, fitter to adorne the Kingly fingers then any other: It was called of the ancient heathen, the Apolline Stone, In regarde that when they would have a speedy answer from Apollo they did carye it with their sacrifice: It chaseth away melancholy, and is very profitable for the sight: besides many other vertues described in an ancient booke, named The proprietie of thinges. The Amathist is good against dronkennes, taketh away evill thoughts, and giveth good understanding.

Lady Beau-sejour

I mervaile much that it is not in greater request, especially of our Carousers of healthes? Truely you speake of them skilfullye, I will buye one of them, for one of my acquaintance that hath great need of it. But you have not described all the Stones: what say you of the Topaze?

Gold-smith

The Topaze (as saith S. Ambrose) Augmenteth &

diminisheth his vertue, as the moone increaseth and decreaseth: It is good for the Lunatickes, therefore it may well be called Lunarie: moreover, it appeaseth wrath & sorowfulnes, & preserveth from sodain death. The turky gladdeth the sight, & giveth solace. The todestone depresseth poyson, and is good against the biting of serpents. The Cellidonie (blacke or russet) commeth from the entralles of Swallowes. It maketh him that carieth it, to be gracious, pleasant, and well spoken.

Lady

I mervaile that my Daughters French-Master hath none, seeing they are brought foorth by them whose name he beareth: is that all? You have not named the Calcidonie.

Gold-smith

You say true Madame: the same hath power against the Devils.

Lady

As for me, I will fortifie my selfe with no other Stone, then with the true Corner Stone, the lively rocke, our Saviour Jesus Christ, onely conqueror of devils. . . . Let us goe, They tarie for us to Dinner. Master du Vault-lamour, I beseech you buye for me, as many of the fayrest Pearles as are heere, fitte to make a Carkenet: for to make me one. Heer, there is a hundred pounds in golde, if it be not enough, let the gold-smith send his man to our house for the rest. Page, goe to my hosier, do you knowe where he dwelleth? He dwelleth without Ludgate at the signe of the Plough, and bid him bring me to morrowe morning, five or sixe payres of silke stockins, of the verye best, of sundrie colours, and as many of the best woosted hosen that he hath. Farwell my friends. Now Coachman, let us goe in Gods name.

The 11. Dialogue

For Table Talks

THE LADY	The Butler (called
THE LADY BEAU-SEJOUR	DILIGENT SOING)
MISTRIS DU PONT-GAILLARD	The 2 Gentlemen (DU VAULT
THE LADIES DAUGHTERS	L'AMOUR, & DU PETIT SENS)

Lady

Diligent-soing, where have you covered the Table for dinner?

Butler

Madame, I have covered it in the great Chamber.

Lady

Now sirs, Ladies, Gentlewomen, will it please you to goe up? I will be bolde to bid you most welcome, in my Lord Ri-Mellaines absence, who is now at Court. Madame, and you Mistris, are you not wearye to have trotted so much with me?

Lady Beau-sejour

Wearye, for what should we be so? We have almost gone nothing, but a litle about the Exchange.

Lady

Diligent-soing, why have you not covered with the table cloth & napkins of damaske? You have not plate trenchers enough, Set at every trencher plate a knife, a spoone, and a silver forke, Take away the saltsellers cover, Are the silver plates upon the Cup-boord? Goe fetch an other Basen and Ewer, for these two be too fewe for us all to wash, see that every basen hath his towell: Take away the knives case, set the Golden Cup in the midst of the cupboord. All the silver gilt cuppes are not there. Is there wine in those silver pottes? You have forgotten the silver chafingdish. I praye ye see that the drinking glasses be cleane. Put cleane and fresh water in the tubbes, that of copper, and the other of wood, the one to keepe the drinke fresh, and the other to refresh the glasses and cuppes, to the end that we may drinke fresh, for it is very hotte. Is the pepper boxe on the table? See that the little silver bottle be full of Vineger of Roses. Go too, let us wash handes, but let us have our Oysters first, for we should be forced to washe againe, set the round table in the midst of the chamber, goe fetch some browne bread, . . . sawcers and vineger, with onyons and pepper. Madame, will it please you to eat any Oysters? You shall have some opened.

Lady Beau-sejour

Truely Madame, I never eate any.

Lady

I will none then, take them away, for indeed it is too hot to eat of them, we are yet in the Dog dayes, when it is naught to eat meates over hotte, and the Phisitians

holde, that there is nothing hotter then shell-Fish : But aske first of those Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, if they will eat anye.

Gentlemen, & women

No Madame not for this time.

Lady

Give us then to wash. Mistris Du Pont-Gaillard, bring your cousin Du Vault-l'amour with you, and come, wash with my Lady and me, We may wash well foure in a Basen :

Mistris du Pont-Gaillard

Pardon me Madame, We will wash after you.

Lady

Go too, go too, be not so mannerly, Drawe nere both of you without any ceremony. As for my cousin Du petit-sens, I will give him leave to wash with the maydens, for he is not yet married. Page, why how now Cock-braine? Where be your eyes? Fling the towell. Go too, let us sit downe. My lady Beau-sejour, will it please you to take your place in this Chayre? And you Mistris, sit you there : Give a stool and a cushen to Master Du Vault-l'amour, neere his Cousin. And you cousin Du petit-sens, knowe you not where to place your self? Now let one praise God, René you must be our Chaplaine, in the absence of Master Almeners : say Grace.

René

O Lord, which giv'st thy creatures for our food,
Hearbs, beastes, birdes, fish, & other giftes of thine,
Blesse these thy giftes, that they may doe us good,
And we may live, to praise thy name divine.
And when the time is come this life to end :
Vouchsafe our soules to heaven may ascend.

Lady

What wil it please you to eat Madame? Sup up a little of this broth, you shall finde it of a reasonable taste, take the white of this boyled Capon: will you have some of this hen boyled with leekes or els of that with rice?

Lady Beau-sejour

I pray you give me some salte, what manner of Turneps be these?

Lady

They are our owne growth, But the seed therof was sent me from Cane in Normandie, where groweth the best Turneps in France, they be not as our English Turneps, which be big and round, but these are smaller and longer, and of much better taste. Taste some:

Lady Beau-sejour

Verily they are very good: but I pray you, sister, cut me a little of that powder beefe, the sight of it maketh one longe to eat of it, it is no wonder if the beefe of England is so much esteemed, for I beleeve that we have better then any other Countrye that is.

Master Du petit-sens

I, but Madame, you must take it with his appurtenances, which is Musterd, otherwise you doe disgrace it: for even as a rich stone, hath not so much grace as when it is set in golde: so the powdred beefe is (as it were) naked, without musterd.

Lady Beau-sejour

Truely it is well reasoned of you, If I were a musterd-maker, I would be thankefull unto you with a whole rundlet of Musterd, and you should chuse of that which you should like best, either of that of Tewkesbury, or that of Dyjon, for your wise reason, because that if your reason

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be of force, even as the stone is put in the golde, so the piece of beefe should be put in musterd, of all sides (saving a little of the top) which would make musterd much deerer, whereby the musterd makers should thereby become richer : and for that cause I drink to you Master du Meune-Scavoir : pardon me, I thought to say, Du petit-sens : but I hope that you will not be offended at it, for one is as good as thother.

Lady

Go too, you are so busie in pratling, that you can eat nothing at all : take away this boyld meat : let some Tostes be made for the marrowe : what say you of this roste beefe ? It is English meate too. Will you eat of this Veale ? Or of this legge of Mutton with a Gallandine sauce ? but I beleeve that you are so fine, that you cannot eat such grosse meates : give me a draught of white wine. My Lady Beau-Sejour, and you Mistris Du Pont-gaillard, I salute your good graces. Master Du Vault-l'amour, I drinke to you with all my hart : And you cousin Du petit-sens, you are put in the Cup too.

The Company

We most humblye thanke you good Madame. . . .

Lady

Bring the second messe, take away these pyes, for you eat none of them, but leave that of Artichockes, for we will eat of it anon, will you have of this Turkye baked ? or of this Peacocke ? The Cooke hath well shewed, that the spyces are good cheape, for he hath put to it enough of pepper, of ginger, of cloves, of maces, of nutmegs, of sinamon, of saffron, and of Suger. Cut some of that wilde Bore-pig, it is better then our tame pigs. Sir cut me a slice of that dryed neates-tongue.

Mistris Du Pont Gaillard

From whence had you this wilde pig Madame? for there is no wilde Bores in England.

Lady

There is a Gentleman in France, which hath taken a wilde Sow alive and all her litter, in his toilles, and hath sent 2. of them to my L. of Ry-mellaine, I have presented one to a good friend of mine, and reserved the other for our selves. Master Du Vault-lamour, I will make you deserve your dinner: As you have taken paine this morning to be our Gentleman Usher, so you must be our Carver. Cut me some Lambe . . . give us some of those partriges, of that Fesant, of the quailes, to every one a Larke: set these Chickens lower, and these Rabet-suckers: this Leveret should be tender, for it was well hunted, and it is but young; give the Woodcockes to the maydes, and give us the Snites. These wood Pidgions are not well larded, Madame eat of that Rayle, it is very fat. Mistris, shall I give you of these Teales? It is so long since I did eat any young Storkes nor Bittor: What say you of this Herne? You need not feare that it tasteth of the Sea, for they are brought us alive, and we feed them in the house: take away these greene pease, for they be colde, but we leave the best meate. Give me a legge of that Caponet to make a Carbonado. Page, bid the Cooke broyle that well, and put to it a little wine, salte, and pepper. . . . See how fat that Caponet was! Take a winge of it, give heere some Oranges, Shall I give you an Olive? Take away these Capers, Set those Cucumbers lower, and that Sallet of crompe Lettice: heere maydens, eat of those Sallets of Spinage, of Endive, of Burrage flowers, of Buglose, of Sage, of Rosemary, of Violet buds: . . . Some beyond the sea, did mervaile much how the Englishmen could eat their Capons without Oranges:

but we should mervaile much more how they can eate their Oranges without Capons? Doe you love fish? Set some fresh vineger in the saucers: There is some fresh Sammon. . . . Let this Lobster be broken, Will you have some Crevis? Take some Shrimps, this Sole is very great and thick: did you ever see a fayrer Gurnet? Give me some Turbut, there be fayre Smelts, they smell very well, ô what a fayre Whiting! I beleeve you care not for fresh Fish: for that of the sea is better. Carye away then this Pyke . . . and the Eele also, for it is too muddy: but what? ther is no body that eateth any thing, have you no stomackes? I beseech you all, if you will do me a pleasure, to make good cheere and to be merry, For truely you are as welcome, as in your owne houses.

Lady Beau-sejour

Master Du petit-sens, why doe you not tell my Lady, that eating and drinking hath taken away all our stomackes: In truth, I have not seene of a long time (at once) so much Poultrye nor Foule, nor so good Fish, You have good Caters.

Lady

Come on, let me give you some of this Quince pye, of this Tarte of Almonds, of that of Cherrie, of Gooseberries, of Prunes.

Mistris Du Pont Gaillard

Certainly Madame, I know not how we should eat any more, unlesse we should borrowe other bellyes.

Lady

Take away then all this, And bring us the Fruite: Doe you love Cheese? There is holland Cheese, Some Angelot, Auvergne cheese, Parmesan. Will you have some grated cheese with sage and Suger? If you find the same too strong, take some of that Banbury cheese,

For it is mileder in taste (to the mouth). Take of that which you like best, for many doe love strong cheese and tairte, and specially the good tiplers, for they taste wine the better. Will it please you to eat some Creame, Strawberryes, or Raspberries? Be not these bigge Peaches? What say you of these Apricoks? They be from our owne Garden, doe you love any Plummes, Peares, Apples? Eate some of those green wal-nuts, Crack some of the smal nuts, why have we no Chest-nuts? But what? me thinketh that we are tyred in so fayre a waye: Then take away and give us to wash. Is there any Rose-water or sweet water within the Ewer? René, give God thankes first.

René

O Lord our God, we yeild thee prayse,
For this thy gracious store:
Praying that we may have the grace
To keep thy lawes and lore.
And when this life shall flitte away;
Graunt us to live with thee for aye.

Lady

Much good may it doe you every body, But let us not rise yet: it is good to sit awhile after dinner, as saith the English Proverbe.

After Dinner sit a while:
After Supper walke a mile.

The 12. Dialogue

Of the walke

THE LADYES GENTLE-WOMEN and GENTLEMEN

Lady

Will you see a fayre Meadowe? Is it not a great

comfort to the eye to see so great varyetie of flowers? and then cast your eye upon that little hill, looke how the little Lambes doe skip on the grasse! . . . The Sonne did not shine heare this day, for the grasse is yet with dewe. . . . What sweet noyse this water maketh among the pible stones, it doth enchaunte me almost to sleep . . . maydens, gather some water cresses, it biteth upon the tongue like pepper: . . .

Charlotte

Heare how the small birds doe chatter their sweete tunes, would to God I had one of them! I would set him in the fayrest Cage that I could get.

Master Ouyt-aigu

What Mistris, would you be so cruell as to deprive him of his libertie? ô deere libertie! God grant me alwaies the key of the fieldes, I would like it better, then to be in bondage in the fayrest wainscotted or tapistried Chamber.

Du Vault-l'amour

I knowe a gentlewoman, which above all birds loveth a Swallowe, and hath no contentment but when she enjoyeth either the sight of the voyce of it.

Mistris Du Pont Gaillard

Yet so it is, that it is an unconstant and wandring bird, & that hath no pleasant voyce.

Ouyt-aigu

But the comming of it is pleasing, for it doth denounce the spring-time, is a very good Architector, and hath great care of her little ones.

Lady

Now seeing that she whome you say loveth her so well, I pray God she may have his company to her content:

but in the mean while let us retyre us for it is verye hotte : let us goe to the Orchard, & then we will rest in the garden. . . . If one had Paillemails, it were good to play in this Alley, for it is of reasonable good length, straight and even.

Lady Beau-sejour

What a faire Pond there is ! how this little smal winde makes pretily the water to move, one wave foldeth her selfe in an other, & the other overturneth an other upon the shore, the which goeth to rejoyne her selfe to her fellowes, as not daring to out-goe her limits. What fishes be in it ?

Lady

Truely Madame we put in it great store of fish, as of Tenches, Bremes, Roches, Carpes, but I beleeve that the Pirat-Pyckes have made good prize of the most part : the boate is at th' other end but if it please you to set these Gentlemen at worke, we will trie to take some fish with the Net.

Lady Beau-sejour

I had rather fish with the line.

Master Du Vault-l'amour

Heere Madame, yonder is one all readie, that hath a good hooke, I go to seeke some baite, I beseech you let me baite it for you : now cast your line in the water, I trust that the fishes will not be better able to keepe themselves, then so many brave hearts, whome the sugred-sweet & forcible bate of your good grace & rare vertues, do draw to himselfe : ô happie hand ! drawe Madame, you have caught, but softly for feare the line doe breake, for it is bigge.

M. de Ouyt-aigu

Certainly this fish is better worthe, ten thousand times, then one a hundred times bigger, bought in the market.

ô fish, thou hast had a happie destiny to be taken by so worthy a fisher : thou couldst never have a better end.

Master Du petit-sens

But I pray you, is not a great Horsse more worth than a little one? and why should not a bigger fish bought in the Market, be more worth then this?

M. Ouyt-aigu

In good Faith Sir Your long silence made me to think you absent, but if I had had occasion to seeke you, I beleeve you are never farre from Petit sens, and that one shall finde you alwayes there : When I have neede of a great beast, I will be so bolde as to come to finde you, for to beseech you to furnish me of one.

M. Cherelie

Good Lord ! What busines about a fish ? God hath created fishes as other thinges, for the use of men, the best use wherein it is fittest it is to dresse it well, and to eate it : send it to my Ladies cooke, he will prepare it for the end whereunto it is ordayned.

Lady

Page, take this fish, and run you with it to my Ladie of Bon-Maintien, have us most humbly commended unto her, and tell her that we send her this fish, of my Ladie of Beau-sejours owne fishing, that wee Intend to come eate part of it with her. Now let us goe to the Garden.

Charlotte

M. Du Vault-l'amour, I pray you take the paine to reach me three or foure Damsons, and for recompense, I will gather you some flowers when we are in the Garden.

Master Du Vault-l'amour

Mistris, your prayers shall alwaies be a commaundement unto me, of such force, that I would not faile in it for any thing in the world, hold heere, if it be not enough commaund me more. ô what faire trees ! high, straight and well branched : By the faith of an honest man, I take great pleasure to see them so wel placed, for of what side or fashion soever that one looke on them, be it by length, by breadth, by byas or otherwise, they be all in order.

Charlotte

Let us come into the Garden, & for to acquit me of my promise, what flowers shall I give you ? Will you have of Venus lover, the fayre Adonys ? I meane red roses, or of Province ?

Master Du Vault-l'amour

Mistris I will holde moste deere all that it shall please you to distribute unto me, but in gathering them, take heede you doe not pricke you, for the rose although it be of most sweete odour, it hath notwithstanding his thorne . . . what faire double violets there be ! fayre wal-flowers! These gillyflowers do smel of cloaves, those stock gilly-flowers are of faire colours, this lavender is well growne, ô Marguerite ! (Dazie) flower of choice, thou hast beene heeretofore greatly esteemed in France, but what ? all other thinges doe wither, drie and waste away as well as flowers, I wil have some knotted Margerum.

Charlotte

You shall have some Sir, and some of Phebus minien, the which he killed against his will in playing at coytes, and then transformed him in this flower, which we call Soucy (in English Marigolde).

Master Du Vault-l'amour

It is verie fayre, broade and double, and hath a true saffren couler, I will give it to Master de Ouit-aygu.

Ouyt-Aigu

I thanke you heartily for it Sir, I have no neede of it, for since I have lincked my selfe in mariage, I have never bin without pensees nor soucy. . . .

Lady

I beleeve that it is later then we take it, and I feare that we shall make my Ladie of Bonmaintien tarie too longe. Therefore it is time to be gone, to the end also to mend our selves at supper for the bad cheare we have had at dinner, nevertheles such as it was, I beseech you, to beleeve that you could not goe in to any place where you might be better welcome and to whome your com-

panies were better accepted, In the meane time I crave pardon, thanking you moste heartily for your patience. Now is the Coach readie? let us goe.

The 13. Dialogue

Which treateth of going to bed

THE GOVERNANT, or DAUGHTERS MRS.
THE MAIDEN SERVANT THE CHILDREN

The Mrs.

Now, Maydens, is all my Ladies night geare readie? set on her Cushen cloath, take out of the way this Pewter-Candlesticke which is so foule, make readie the Silver candlestickes with the waxe candles, for you knowe that she cannot endure the smell of tallow, because it doth moste often stinke: where be the snuffers? Where is the warming pan? that it be not to seeke when she commeth, and that she finde nothing wanting. . . . My Lady is at the gate, light the candle quickely.

Lady

What is it a clocke? I beleeve it is verie late.

Mistris

It is halfe an houre past ten Madam, almost eleven.

Lady

We have been long at supper, then afterward we have had dauncing . . . then came a Maske which made a faire shewe. They played at Cardes, at Cent, at Primeroe, at trompe, at dice, at Tables, at lurch, at Draughts, at perforce, at pleasant, at blowing, at Queenes game, at Chesses: The Maydens did play at purposes, at sales, to thinke, at wonders, at states, at vertues, at answers,

so that we could not come sooner, but it is all one, We will sleepe the longer to morrowe for amends. Go to, take of my cloathes, unpinne that, untie this: Joly, helpe me to put off my gowne, pull off my shooes, give me my pantofles, and my night gowne, for feare I catch colde, why doe you not give me my wast-coate? Where is the white hayre-lace to binde my haires? Give me the white fillet for to raise up my haires. I have not my little linnen coyffe, nor my fustien undercap, when shall I have my binding cloath for my fore-head? Shall I have no coyfe with a ruffe to night, nor fore-head cloath? Do not pull off my hosen yet untill I be readie to goe to bed, but warme my bed well. Prudence, why doe you not snuffe the candell? You know not where be the snuffers, burne your fingers then: Go to kneele you downe, let every bodie kneel downe, put you on your knees, let us say evening prayers. . . . Amen. Well, let everye one goe to bed in God's name.

Children

We pray you Mother to pray to God to blesse us, and give us your blessing if it pleaseth you.

Lady

I pray God to blesse you all my Children, and to increase his graces in you.

Children

God give you good night and good rest Mother.

Maides

God give you good night and wholsome rest Madame.

Lady

I pray God that so it be with you all, God be with you.

FINIS

THE French Schoole-/*maister, wherein is most plain* =/lie shewed, the true and most/perfect way of pronouncinge of the/Frenche tongue, without any helpe/*of Maister or teacher : set foorthe for*/the furtherance of all those whiche/doo studie priuatly in their owne/study or houses : Vnto the which/is annexed a Vocabularie for al such/woordes as bee vsed in com =/mon talkes : by M. Clau =/dius Hollybande, pro =/fessor of the Latin,/Frenche,/and Englishe/tongues./*Dum spiro, spero.*/Imprinted at London, by/William How : for/Abraham Veale./1573./

Collation : B.M. G.7480. Octavo in eights : English text mostly b. l. : paged : A title, verso blank : Aii-iv dedication to " the Worshipful and towardly yonge Gentilman Maister Robert Sackuill " : Aiv*v*.-vii. A Warning to the Reader : Aviiv. Claudius a Sancto Vinculo, Roberto Fontano S. Aviii Iehan Henry Maistre d'eschole Dizain : Aviiiv. Tho.Twyne, to all students of the Frenche tongue. Text B-Vviiv. : Vviii colophon.

THE FRENCHE/Littelton./A MOST EASIE, PER-/FECT, AND ABSOLVTE/way to learne the frenche tongue :/*NEWLY SET FORTH BY CLAV-/dius Holliband, teaching in Paules Churchyarde by the signe/of the Lucrece.*/Let the reader peruse the epistle to his owne instructio./Dum spiro, spero./[Device] Imprinted at London by Thomas/*Vautroullier dwelling in the blackefriers.*/1566./

Collation : B.M. 629.a.35. Quarto in eights : not paged. *title, verso blank : *ij-*iijv. dedication to M. Robert Sackevill : *iv Geo.Gascoigne in

commendation of this booke : *iv*v*. sonnet signed Pax in bello. Text A-Qiv.

CAMPO DI FIOR/*or else*/THE FLOVRIE FIELD OF/FOVRE LANGVAGES of M. CLAV-/dius Desainliens, aliâs Holiband :/*For the furtherance of the learners of the Latine,/French, English, but chieflie of the/Italian tongue.*/Dum spiro, spero./[Device] Imprinted at London by Thomas Vautroul-/lier dwelling in the Blacke-Friers/by Lud-gate. 1583./

Collation : B.M. 629.a.36. Octavo in eights : paged. *title, verso blank : *ij-iij dedication to " the yong gentle-woman, Mistris Luce Harington " : *iij*v*. verses by Richard Mulcaster in Latin : *iv Italian verses to the author : *iv*v*. English verses to author : A verses by Jacques Bellot in French : Text A*v*.-BBii : BBij*v*. blank : BBiij device, verso blank.

THE/FRENCH/*Garden : for English Ladyes and*/Gentle-women to walke in./OR,/A Sommer dayes labour./Being an instruction for the attayning vnto the/knowledge of the French Tongue : wherein for the/practise thereof, are framed thirteene *Dialogues* in/French and English, concerning diuers matters/from the rising in the morning/till Bed-time./ . . By *Peter Erondell* Professor of the/same Language./LONDON/Printed for *Edward White* and are to be solde at his/Shop neere the little North-doore of S.Paules Church/at the Signe of the Gun. 1605./

Collation : B.M. 12952.df.46. Octavo in eights : English text in b.l. : not paged. Aij title, verso blank : Aiij-Aiv*v*. dedication to Mme. Elizabeth Barkley : Av verses by the author : Av*v*.-Avj poems to the author : Avj*v*. blank : Avij sonnet to the author by William Harbert : Avij*v*. sonnet by N. Breton : Aviij & verso Contents : B-Bij To the Reader : Bij*v*. blank : Text Biij-Pvj : Pvj*v*. blank.

The text of this volume is a selected and edited one. All omissions are indicated by dots. *j*, *u*, and *v*, and their capitals have been modernized throughout: obvious misprints and stops which definitely mislead have been silently corrected: otherwise the original spelling and punctuation have been kept. The use of capital letters in the original texts being extremely haphazard they have been added where necessary for proper names and at the beginnings of sentences. In Hollyband's dialogues the marginal names of the *dramatis personæ* have been inserted for the convenience of the reader: the "stage directions," in brackets and italics, have similarly been added. In Erondell the marginal names have been more or less stereotyped for the sake of simplicity, as in the original text every conceivable form of practically every name is used indiscriminately, from the unnecessarily lengthy "Prudence the Chamber-maide" to the enigmatic "M.O.A.," which might well prove as momentarily baffling to the reader who reads for pleasure as the same combination of letters once proved to the gulled Malvolio.

For the selection from Erondell the whole thirteen dialogues have been laid under contribution. From Hollyband the selections have been made as follows:—

I. i. Fr. Sch.master.: pp. 62-66.
ii. Fr. Littleton: Sigs. Biv*v*.-Bviij*v*;
iii. „ Sigs. Bviij*v*.-C*v*.: Cij*v*.-Cvj*v*.
iv-vi. Campo di Fior: pp. 155-213; 113-123: 325-363.

II. Fr. Sch.master: pp. 66-142 (Sigs. F*v*.-Kviij*v*.). One rearrangement of the original text has been made in this section. On p. 57 of this reprint the portion from "I take great delight to talke with this yonge boy" down to "I have not put on my mocke" has been transplanted bodily from Sig.

Gvj*v*. of the original, where it held up the natural course of the dialogue.

Note on The French Littleton ; for this text the first edition has been used, but six additions from the second (1578) have been silently incorporated : they vary in bulk from one word to four words. For the date of the first edition, printed on the title-page as 1566, but in reality 1576, see A. W. Pollard : " Claudius Hollyband " : Bibliographical Soc. Transactions, XIII : pp. 253-272 : 1916.

The cuts have all been taken from the Roxburghe Ballads.

PERSONS REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT

p. 31. *My Lord of Bedford :* in 1573 this was Francis Russell, the second Earl, b. 1527 ? d. 1585, a Protestant nobleman and a prominent member of the Privy Council.

My Lady Thadmirall : no less a person than Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, Surrey's " Fair Geraldine," who married as her second husband Edward Fiennes de Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and Lord High Admiral until his death in 1585.

My Lady Tresorer : Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and second wife of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who became Lord High Treasurer in 1572.

54. *Maister Edwards :* Master, as the text informs us, of the Children of the Queen's Chapel. This is Richard Edwards, the author of *Damon and Pythias* and the compiler of *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises.* He died October 31, 1566 : so that the " five and a half years " mentioned in the text would place the composition of this book in or after March, 1572. The song which

Roland promises to sing (see p. 53) is presumably the well-known "I cannot eat but little meat," with its chorus of:

> "Back and side go bare, go bare,
> Both foot and hand go cold,
> But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
> Whether it be new or old."

It was introduced into the play of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and was sung to the old tune of "John Dory." According to Chappell (*Old English Popular Music*, I, pp. 93-6) "this perfect little composition clearly belongs to the best Elizabethan time." It is possible, therefore, that the version of the tune sung by Roland was actually of Edwards' composition, as the text suggests.

p. 16. *John Theodore:* taken from Vives' text, where he appears as John Theodore Nervius. *Untraced.*

p. 19. *N. Seger:* not the name given in Vives' text. *Untraced.*

p. 95. *An ancient booke, named The proprieties of thinges:* i.e. the *De Proprietatibus Rerum* of Bartholomæus Anglicus, the most popular encyclopædia of the Middle Ages, and a chief source of information on natural (and unnatural) history.

ADONYS: botanically the Provence or cabbage rose has no claim to be called Adonis, the name of the Pheasant's Eye: mythologically the red rose and the scarlet anemone are both associated with "Venus' lover," the former because the goddess hastening to the dying youth trod upon a white rose-bush, and being torn by its thorns dyed its blossoms with her blood.

ANGELOT: a small rich cheese from Normandy.

ANSWERS: probably a "question and answer" game, perhaps the "cross questions and crooked answers" of NARES' *Glossary*.

BANDS: a collar.

BATE: from *abate*: now obs. in this sense of *reduce*.

BAVEN: a bundle of brushwood tied with a withe.

BAYES: baize: a coarse woollen material used for clothing, finer in texture than the modern equivalent.

BIGGIN: *Fr.* beguin: a baby's cap.

BINDING CLOTH: *Fr.* bandeau de toile: a linen bandage for the forehead: possibly to prevent headache, or an anticipation of a modern method of preventing wrinkles.

cf. "Here be fine night Maskes, plastred well within,
To supple wrinckles, and to smooth the skin."
(DRAYTON: *Muses Elizium:* 1630: p. 61.)

BITTOR: bittern.

BULTED: bolted, sifted.

BUSKE: a strong piece of wood or whalebone used to stiffen the front of the corset or of the stomacher. The "buske-poynt" is the tagged lace with which the busk is tied to the garment.

CARBONADO : a piece of meat or fish or bird slashed across and grilled over the coals.

CARKENET (carkant) : a gold carcanet or necklace set with jewels ; also used for a hair ornament.

CELLIDONIE : celidony : a small precious stone, supposed to be found in the belly of the swallow.

CENT : a card game, said to have resembled Primero : 100 was the winning point.

CHAMLET : camlet : a light material, popular for clothes, and made in the 16th and 17th centuries from the silky hair of the Angora goat.

CIPRES : cypress : fine lawn of the most transparent texture, much used for neck and hat bands.

COLEWORTS : a generic term for all kinds of cabbage plants. " Cabbage colewortes beeing boyled are verie good with Beefe, together with vinegar and pepper " : THOS. COGAN'S *Haven of Health* 1596.

CREVIS : crayfish. " At Oxford upon festivall dayes they are wont to eat Crevices last after flesh " : *Haven of Health.*

CROMPE LETTICE : lettuce with curled leaves.

CUSHENCLOATH : apparently a nightdress case : usually a cushion cover.

CUTWORK : " open work in linen stamped or cut by hand, a substitute for thread lace or embroidery." (NARES : ed. Halliwell.) For a full account of this needle-made lace, and the manner of its making, see Mrs. Bury Palliser's *History of Lace*, chap. 2. From the Wardrobe Accounts it is evident that it was used to a great extent by Queen Elizabeth, especially for edging ruffs and cuffs.

EMRODE : emerald.

FALLES: the "falling band" or flat collar.

FESTRAW: fescue: originally a straw: term applied to small pointer used to point to the letters when teaching children to read.

FITCHES: vetch.

FLEETED MILK: skimmed milk.

GALLIMAFRIE: gallimaufry: a hash or ragout.

GUMMED VELVET: velvet stiffened with gum.

GYRKIN: jerkin: close-fitting jacket, worn over the doublet.

KERSYE: a coarse cloth, generally ribbed.

KERTLE: kirtle: in the Elizabethan period the term generally refers to the upper petticoat worn under the gown and revealed by it in front from waist to hem.

LETTED: prevented.

LICKERISH: greedy: also, a child fond of sweetmeats.

LURCH: a game supposed to have been much the same as backgammon.

MILLAINE FUSTIEN: probably the same as fustian of Naples, which was apparently a kind of cotton velvet.

MORION: murrain or plague: a common imprecation.

MUCKINDER: a baby's bib.

MUSKBALL: a ball of musk scented soap: more generally, the term used for any kind of receptacle in which musk could be carried about one's person.

NIGHT COYFES: close-fitting night caps tied under the chin.

NIGHTGOWN: not for sleeping, but for use as a dressing gown.

PAILLEMAILS: wooden mallets for the game of pall-mall, introduced into England about this time.

PANTOFLES: indoor slippers.

PASTE OF ALMONDS: usually a cosmetic, prepared from bitter almonds, rose-water and white of egg, mixed with alcohol: in this case, more probably soap scented with oil of almonds.

PENNER: a case for pens, usually made of leather or metal.

PERFORCE: *Fr.* forçat: "a game at draughts wherein one must take his adversary when he may, or else he himself is taken." (COTGRAVE.)

PILLOW BERE: *arch.* pillow case.

PINKT: slashed.

PLEASANT: *Fr.* plaisanter: perhaps merely "to jest."

POINTS: laces with tagged ends, used for tying, e.g. a man's doublet to the hose, a lady's sleeves to her gown.

POUDER BEEF: salted beef.

PRIMERO: a fashionable card game, played always for money.

PUERILES: either *Sententiae Pueriles* by Culmann, or *Pueriles Confabulatiunculae* by Ewaldus Gallus: contemporary school books, couched, like Hollyband's, in the popular dialogue form.

PURPOSES: "the pretty game which we call purposes." (COTGRAVE: *see* Halliwell, *Dictionary*.)

QUEENES GAME: another name for Doublets, an old game at Tables or Backgammon.

QUISHION: cushion.

RABET SUCKERS: very young rabbits.

RASED VELVET: raised velvet: "having the pile (apparently) cut away in such a manner as to leave a raised pattern." (*N.E.D.*)

RAYLE: rail: a marsh bird: considered in those days a greater delicacy than pheasant or partridge: cf. DRAYTON's "Polyolbion": "The rail which seldom comes but upon rich men's spits."

REALL: i.e. ryal, the rose-noble: 15/-.

REBATO: the stiff upstanding collar which began to be popular about 1590. It was often worn with the ruff, which it then supported.

REWME: rheum: used here for a cold in the head.

RUBBERS: either a strigil or comb, or possibly a towel. Both, however, when found in contempoary references, appear to have been used for the body after the bath rather than, as in the present instance, for the head.

SCARLET: a piece of scarlet cloth. It was popularly supposed to have medicinal properties, and was recommended as a cure for smallpox.

SCRAPPED CHEESE: i.e. scraped: cf. *Fr. Gar.* "grated cheese with sage and sugar." Cheese shredded with sage and sugar appears to have been a favourite dish at banquets.

SHEEP CHEESE: cheese made from the milk of an ewe, perhaps Roquefort.

SNITES: snipe.

SODDE: *obs.* boiled.

SUPPORTER: a wire framework whipped over with silk or thread, used to support the ruff.

TABLES: the ordinary name for Backgammon.

THINK : *Fr.* deviner : probably some kind of guessing game.

TROMP : trump : a card game called Ruff or Trump.

TUFFE-TAFFATA : tuftaffeta : taffeta with a tufted nap.

TURKY : turquoise.

UNDERCOAT : underbodice.

VARDINGALE : or farthingale : the projecting semi-circular frame of whalebone and leather worn by women in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign to hold out the skirts of the gown. It was affixed to the lower part of the corset.

VERGIS : verjuice : the acid juice extracted from unripe grapes or sour fruit, which was formerly much used for cooking purposes.

VIOLL DE GAMBO : Viol da gamba : i.e. a viol to be held between the knees : the most popular bowed instrument until supplanted in the 17th century by the violin.

VIRGINALLES : a musical instrument like a spinet, but made in a small case that could be easily carried about and placed for playing either on a table or even the performer's knees.

Note on Games, p. 110 : I have been unable to trace any reference to five out of this list—namely, Blowing, Sales, States, Vertues, Wonders. They are all indoor games, the last three probably of the guessing type.

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